THE LIVING AGE

Editor
LEON BRYCE BLOCH
Associate Editor: LAMAR MIDDLETON
Assistant Editors: MARJORIE MCFARLAND, SYLVIA KANTOR

Contents for October 1940

THE WORLD OVER 101
IMPORTANCE OF AN IDEAL ..... *C. S. Lewis* 109
LADY FÜHRER ÜBER ALLES ..... *Peter Engelmann* 112
EYEWITNESS STORY OF NAZI PARIS ..... *Max Jordan* 117
FASCIST SPAIN ON THRESHOLD OF WAR 120
WHY RUSSIANS DON'T LIKE ALBION ..... *Albert Parry* 125
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
THE LAST PRESIDENT 130
SALAZAR OF PORTUGAL ..... *Eric A. C. Ballard* 131
THE TRIUMPHANT HERR ABETZ ..... *Albert Miller* 134
BLITZKRIEG IS NOT INFALLIBLE ..... *Brig. Gen. Henry J. Reilly* 137
BURIAL OF A NEWS AGENCY ..... *Arthur Reardon* 140
LATIN AMERICA FEARS INVASION ..... *Raoul Haya de la Torre* 146
STRAWS IN THE WIND 150
THE PARTY LINE FAILS TO HOLD ..... *Ignazio Silone* 152
A TALE OF TWO SECTIONS ..... *Max Beerbohm* 155
REFUGEES POUR INTO SHANGHAI ..... *Mary E. Kersey* 159
MEN OF FREE FRANCE ..... *Leslie Howard* 164
THE APPLE WOMAN (a Story) ..... *Leslie Halward* 168
EGYPT NEEDS A 'PROTECTOR' 171
BRITAIN'S VIRTUES ARE JEWISH VICES ..... *Lidio Cipriani* 174
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO 178
POEMS OF THE MONTH ..... *Oscar Williams* 180
LETTERS AND THE ARTS ..... *Alfred Kreymborg* 183
SPEAKING OF BOOKS ..... *Leon Bryce Bloch* 186
POETS AND POETRY ..... *Eugene Jolas* 192

THE LIVING AGE does not accept responsibility for the views expressed by writers of articles appearing in its pages. The aim of the Editors is to bring to readers, for their information, representative expressions of opinion throughout the world.

THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, East Stroudsburg, Pa. Editorial and general offices, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City. 50c a copy. $5.00 a year. Canada, $5.50. Foreign, $6.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at East Stroudsburg, Pa., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1940, by The Living Age Company, Inc., New York, New York. Irvine Harvey Williams, President and Treasurer; Anne Roane, Secretary.

Subscribers are requested to send notices of changes of address three weeks before they are to take effect. Failure to send such notices will result in incorrect forwarding and delay in receipt. Old and new addresses must both be given.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Free Europe*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell
In 1844

October 1940 *Volume 359, Number 4489*

The World Over

THE United States has entered into one of the crucial periods of its history. No longer are we merely in a state of limited emergency, but rather we are engaged in open conflict with several world powers. It is idle to maintain that we are not at war, that there has been no declaration of hostilities. Every schoolboy has learned, in the past ten years, that mortal combat between nations is not engaged in on the battlefield alone—or even primarily—and that most diplomatic preliminaries have been cast into limbo.

We are at war. And we would do well to face this reality with equanimity and sane purpose. Thus far the war has assumed the form of an ideological, economic and strategic struggle between this democracy and totalitarian governments.

Our needs are clear. Also clear are the paths we should not tread. We must with all speed perfect our industrial machinery, speed up factory production of all the goods we customarily buy; assure food production, both on farms and in factories; develop a trained fighter force on land and sea and arm and equip it; provide for the comfort and security of our civilian population, in both a physical and economic sense; avoid indulgence in partisan politics in national affairs and build our people into a strong-willed, unified nation ready to sacrifice all for the way of life built and preserved for us by our forefathers.

Our government has faced these problems and has set out on a legislative and defense program designed for their solution. But government cannot do all that is needed. In fact, all the material efforts of the Congress and the President will come to naught unless the people of the nation are as one man in their determina-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion to resist any attempt, from without or within, to alter or destroy our system of government and our historic ideals. The historic development of those ideals and the way of life they created, a way of life we call democracy, has been stated succinctly by many men in many ways. Some have done it in song, some in graphic art, some in book, play or article. The latest contribution to this fine accretion has been made by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, in a small volume just issued. But no one man, woman or child has been responsible for the growth of this ideology. It has evolved out of our thinking and our life. It is compounded of our historic problems and our way of solving them. It is steeped in the blood of a hundred battlefields and drenched in the rain of a million grain fields; it is hardened by the tempo of great cities and tried in the furnaces of uncounted mills; it is made lean and tall by billions of capital and it is made stout and rugged by millions of laborers. But it is now a unified whole, a nation indivisible, guaranteeing liberty to all. It is this nation, held together by bonds stronger than those forged by any other nation—not blood, not geography, not hate—the bonds of a common heritage of freedom.

Is Union Possible?

FROM time to time, trial balloons have been released in England, presumably unofficial, on the provocative issue of a formal union of the United States and the British Empire. The question has been discussed—rather gingerly, to be sure—by such unsensational organs as the *Economist* of London, and certain commentators in this country, among them Raymond Clapper, have argued that Britain would have a great deal to gain in this most terrible crisis of her long history, by merging her interests with those of the only other powerful democracy remaining on the face of the globe. There are some fundamental considerations that make such a union appear logical and desirable in the extreme—considerations of our industrial installation, our need for wider and freer markets, our common heritage and language.

If such a pooling of interests by these two nations—something that went deeper than a mere customs union—seems on first examination to benefit us disproportionately, the picture changes under a little more analysis. Let us assume that most of the British Empire remains intact, and that the war ends before spring in a stalemate, which is not an untenable premise. American trade with much of the Continent may be supplanted by Nazi barter deals and by an increasing degree of autarchy. American exporters must find other outlets. Customs-free dominions and Crown colonies of the Empire might take up the slack for our manufacturers. From these markets the exports of Nazi-Fascist-controlled nations would be barred. We would retain the United Kingdom as a customer; in recent years, that market for American goods has almost equalled Canada, which remains our best client.

The advantages to Britain in this projected union might well be more than purely defensive. But, admittedly, that is the first consideration: the British must be able to defend their Empire if their manufacturers want to sell it their goods. The Brit-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ish Navy, which some unhappy day may be forced to base itself in Canadian waters, if joined with the enormously enlarged American fleet now a-building, might be said to be invulnerable. It would appear very doubtful that, in the fact of that juncture of our navies, the Japanese would run hog-wild on the Asiatic mainland.

The fact is that this union may already be said to be in its initial stages, although actual merger may never materialize. The lease to us of naval bases in British possessions, extending from Newfoundland to islands in the Caribbean, and our transfer to Britain of fifty destroyers (soon to be followed by Boeing "flying fortresses," release of which has just been approved by our Chief of Staff)—these are tokens of a much closer collaboration. In mid-September, Secretary of State Hull began a series of conferences with Lord Lothian, the British Ambassador, and Richard G. Casey, the Australian Minister at Washington, looking toward the sharing of naval bases in South Africa, New Zealand and Australia. On the same day that these preliminary negotiations were disclosed, the question of "any such far-reaching scheme" as an Anglo-American union was posed briefly in an interpellation directed at Major Clement R. Atlee, Lord Privy seal. The latter promised the Commons, on behalf of Mr. Churchill, that members would have every opportunity to discuss that project, if, as and when.

In any study of the difficulties in the way of materialization of an Anglo-American union, it strikes us that the psychological difficulties are fully as real as more tangible matters of military, naval, trade and parliamentary agreements. True, the devastating blows that Britain is suffering today have brought American sympathies, as well as financial and other material aid, quickly to the fore: the support of our people for the seeming under-dog in any fight amounts, at times, to a national disease, whatever else our critics think about us. But it is idle to blink at certain truths in the attitude of the average American toward England. Our Revolution is still fairly close to us. We dislike, if not despise, the complacent viewpoint of some Englishmen that God created no more magnificent animal to behold. The peerage arouses resentment in most Americans. We distrust British colonial policy, often unfairly, chiefly because cynicism became a vogue, in this century, when historians wrote of England. We don't like her repudiation of her war debts, although most Americans have not given fair study to that vexatious question. These and other points of difference might seem, since in the main they are, intangibles, simple enough to override. Possibly they are.

On the British side, the latent hostility toward us stems from fully as many sources. For one thing, we acted unconscionably in 1776, even if George III was a myopic fool. And, from time to time, we play the role of Uncle Shylock with altogether too much realism. For another thing, whatever has happened since 1929, the United States is too much of a success, as nations go, and we are too noisy and cocky about it. And we're too rich. And our women are too good-looking, too well-dressed, and impertinently articulate. Aside from that, to judge by the popular London newspapers, an excessive number of these American cousins are engaged in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"bumping off" or "rubbing out" or "liquidating" their fellow citizens, if they aren't otherwise occupied, say, in making $50,000 a day in Hollywood. For these distortions, many travelled British writers have observed, the English have only their newspapers to blame.

But if more ponderable obstacles may be surmounted, it is at least conceivable that British subjects and American citizens might arrive at some degree of common action in the preservation of free government.

Note on Hitler

THE sinking of a British ship loaded with men, women and children fleeing from indiscriminate air raids over London, was a piece of inhuman cruelty and myopic disdain for the conscience of humanity. A submarine commander who deliberately attacks, with or without warning, innocent noncombatants six hundred miles from any shore, is something less than human. And a government that countenances such actions must be wiped from the face of the earth.

Americans—and, we believe, decent humans all over the world—will be quick to resent this kind of warfare. Now, at last, the last vestiges of hope by a few people, that Herr Hitler would not go the whole way toward barbarism, have been dispelled. We never had such hope. Now, at last, America is united. This nation is completely aware, at last, of what totalitarian war really means. It signifies attacks by strong, armed men upon defenceless women and children. It means that the phrase "women and children first" in escaping a calamity, has become in German hands "women and children last."

No nation that substitutes barbarism for the rules of civilized living can be allowed to endure. The rule of the jungle and the rule of conscience cannot function in the same world.

We, in America, now know what we are obliged to face. We, in America, now have had our ultimate object lesson in totalitarianism. No other system of thinking could countenance an attack on five-year-old girls.

Mr. Hitler will doubtless advance many "reasons" and many excuses for this heinous act. But there can be no excuse. This foul deed is beyond the pale of reason. But there can be an explanation, and one explanation only. Totalitarianism so dulls the human conscience that there is nothing to which its adherents will not stoop. There is left in its domain not one shred of human decency, because it denies everything for which man has struggled for thousands of years.

This submarine attack is a horrible event, but the aftermath is not unmitigated loss for the cause of decency and humanity—it has solidified America by pointing up in bold relief the course we shall be obliged to pursue. From now on our military preparations will be accelerated, and there is no doubt left that when we are compelled to use our engines of war their destructiveness will be swift and terrible.

Quisling Again

ONE WOULD have supposed that the pro-Nazi Major Vidkun Quisling, whose name has now entered almost all languages as a synonym for fifth-column treachery, would have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

disappeared from the sight of men. Once he had served the Nazis' end last spring, and facilitated by basest treason the entry of German troops into Norway, even the invaders tossed him aside as of no further use to them, once his betrayal became known to fellow Norwegians.

But this Quisling, despised by his own people and by their captors, has a tough hide. He is still around Oslo. The five Norwegian parties have just formed a common front, patching up their doctrinal quarrels, to wreck if they can his energetic efforts to form a government of his own, with or without the consent of the Storting, or parliament. This is something like a modern-day equivalent of Benedict Arnold, say, running for the American Presidency after delivering West Point to the enemy. It is unlikely that Quisling will succeed, even in the event of a Nazi change of heart toward their tool, but his renewed activities certainly top the unmitigated gall of the celebrated brass monkey.

The Nation's Dilemma

IF Mr. Wendell Willkie is in something of a dilemma over where to find a provocative issue with which to appeal to the electorate, so also, it appears, a good part of the voting public is puzzled and uncertain in which column to cast its Presidential vote. In large measure, certainly more so than in any campaign in recent years, Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Willkie's virtues and defects seem to cancel out. If it is true that Mr. Roosevelt is bent on intervention, eventually, it seems also a fact—apprised on the basis of some of Mr. Willkie's inept utterances to date—that this public-utility lawyer is dangerously uninformed and uncertain of himself in the field of foreign affairs touching the United States. The G.O.P., on the other hand, unquestionably has a powerful weapon in the anti-third-term sentiment in many parts of this country, particularly when it is turned against a White House incumbent who has demonstrated on repeated occasions his conviction that his individual decisions and beliefs are more valid and relevant than those of a majority of the Congress. But if Mr. Roosevelt's implied belief in his own indispensability does not hold water, as Mr. Willkie argues with plausibility, the latter is more than a novice as a politician; and anyone who holds that a President need no longer be a politician, once elected, is deluding himself, particularly in the controversial climate of this day. As to American policy vis-à-vis Britain, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie are in substantial agreement; ditto, the great issue of national defense. Mr. Willkie merely says that he can get the same defenses built faster, and more efficiently, than Mr. Roosevelt. Unfortunately for Mr. Willkie and his party, that is the only real suggestion of a tangible issue in the campaign to date—and even that is hypothetical, and is a claim not predicated clearly upon past performances.

In the all-important domain of physical idiosyncrasies, it may also be said that in equipment the two men nullify each other. (If one does not believe such idiosyncrasies are of enormous importance, we suggest a re-reading of almost any volume of Mark Sullivan's *Our Times* or Raymond Moley's more recent *After Seven Years.*) Neither candidate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has the log-cabin antecedents beloved by the American public; for all political intents and purposes, Mr. Willkie's middle-class origins in Indiana are just as far removed from rail-splitting as is Mr. Roosevelt with his background of Groton and Harvard. True, Mr. Willkie has a mane of hair which may still have incalculable potentialities as a vote-getter; but Mr. Roosevelt certainly evens the score with an ingratiating and disarming voice incontestably superior to Mr. Willkie's, one that can be compared perhaps only to Bryan's—and one better pitched for an era when voters are not so easily mesmerized or bemused by the highflown and oratorical.

Of course, Mr. Willkie may have an issue up his sleeve. Newspaper correspondents assigned to his cross-country junket in September have been frank to write that he often spoke ineffectively, that he is prolix, injudiciously unconventional in addressing crowds, and, considered as a political boxer, an unimpressive "in-and-outer." In addition, certain of his advisers complain that he spends too much time addressing audiences that he cannot possibly win over to the Republican party—Arizona, Texas and Oklahoma, among them. It is worth noting, however, that newspaper political correspondents are not infallible oracles, and it is also pertinent to recall that in 1936 Mr. Roosevelt won all but two States, although 90 per cent of the nation's newspapers were opposed to him.

As it is, and aside from irrelevant questions of party patronage, there seems not a great deal to choose between the two candidacies, once the individual plus-and-minus is calculated. At present, the race will impress many of us as a spectacle of Two Candidates in Search of an Issue.

Perfect Translation

FOR many decades, streets in the city of Strasbourg have had sign posts giving their names in both German and French. When the cultural capital of Alsace Lorraine, which for centuries has been a bone of contention and the genesis of intermittent warfare, was restored to Nazi rule last June, the German authorities resolved to abolish the French street labels in favor of names for thoroughfares that are 100 per cent Aryan. One such change laconically noted by the *National Zeitung* of Basle will strike some readers as scrupulously correct: *la rue de l'Homme Sauvage* has been renamed the *Adolf Hitler Strasse.*

David and Goliath

THE republic of Uruguay is considerably smaller than the State of North Dakota, but in late September it undertook to do something no nation, even one with intolerable experiences of Nazi fifth columns, has yet dared. The federal prosecutor has obtained a long indictment against the German National Socialist Party (which is to say, the Berlin Government), and also handed down were indictments against eight Nazi leaders. In both instances, the charge is plotting to seize Uruguay, and by force to transform it into an agricultural colony of the Nazi Reich.

The language of these indictments could scarcely be more damning nor more specific. Aside from the wealth of evidence of baldly treasonable ac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tivities by the Nazis within Uruguay, the indictments cite Germany's plot to dominate in time the entire continent of South America.

The forthcoming trials are of far more than academic concern to the United States. Our concern here is direct, and unequivocally enunciated in the Monroe Doctrine which states, in part, that "with the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. . . . We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those [European] powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." Elsewhere, that message of President Monroe laid down the principle "in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers."

In military might—or, for that matter, in unadulterated chicanery—Uruguay cannot be regarded as a match for Hitler's war machine. But that small nation, a David pitched against a Goliath, in returning these indictments and arresting and bringing to trial eight Nazi conspirators, is serving to focus world-wide attention on the seriousness of Nazi plots abroad, and particularly in a region so close, politically and geographically, to the United States. Some weeks ago, this country dispatched several destroyers on a "friendly visit" to Uruguayan shores; these ships should be, and perhaps are, a token of something less superficial than the proverbial "amity" existing between the republics of Latin America and ourselves. If the Monroe Doctrine means anything, and we believe it has the full support of our people, the Congress before adjournment or recess should pass a resolution approving and upholding, in words of one syllable, the courageous action of little Uruguay.

Change of Heart

OBSCURED by the acceleration of the air war in the West, a fundamental change appears under way in Soviet Russia's policy toward Britain. The blanket censorship imposed on foreign correspondents at Moscow, save for unimportant news or despatches that fawn upon the Comintern, has also served to keep much of Europe, as well as this Hemisphere, in ignorance of a trend in Moscow that may in time have unpleasant consequences for Herr Hitler.

In a word, it seems that Stalin is suffering from a fit of nerves over the Juggernaut he loosed when, more than a year ago, he signed treaties of amity and consultation with Nazi Germany. There have been a few symptoms of this *malaise* before at the Kremlin, and there has been a good deal of wiseacre speculation—but only speculation of a wishful character—that the Soviet dictator has found himself at the short end. The signs, now, however, are more definite. Articles are appearing in the Soviet press "encouraging" Britain to hold out against Germany, and arguing that the military situation today is not as somber

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the English as most of the world press suggests.

As pointed out by Mr. G. E. R. Gedye, in correspondence to the New York *Times*, this new line is removed a good distance from collaboration between Stalin and Hitler, and it is also in sharp contrast to the Molotov address late last summer, in which the Soviet Premier reiterated that the bonds between Moscow and Berlin were more binding than ever.

No one can foresee what this apparent reorientation may bring. All that may safely be said is that it does not appear, if it goes much further, to bespeak continued friendship and collaboration with the Reich.

Science

MANY revisions have been made, in the past few years, of "scientific principles" which had validity for long or short periods. To some this represents a proof of the weakness of science, but it seems rather a mark of strength. Science is not essentially a finality but rather a growing mass of knowledge which is constantly being revised or replaced by new knowledge.

Now the child psychologists are faced with accepting the destruction of some long-held fundamental notions. After hearing warnings by Professors Robert C. Bernreuter, Charles C. Peters and E. B. Vanormer, at the annual meeting of the American Psychological Association, the psychologists heard one of their number blast the results of some mental tests. The attack on tests was made by Dr. Davis Wechsler, who told the psychologists:

"Clinical or practical experience shows that even the best-regarded tests of intelligence give only incomplete measures of the individual's capacity for intelligent behavior.

"They do not test the non-intellective factors generally described as temperament. These non-intellective factors, whether included or not in our current intelligence tests, form part and parcel of what is ultimately necessary for human behavior. The most important factor in educational achievement in some cases does not lie in ability but in temperament."

This theory, long advanced in one form or another, seems at last to have been accepted. And now perhaps we will have less nonsense about this matter of intelligence.

Righteous Indignation

ACCORDING to Captain Fritz Wiedemann, German Consul General in San Francisco, the kidnaper of three-year-old Marc de Tristan would, in his native Germany, be put to death within a week. "In a similar case in Germany three years ago, Hitler asked for the severest penalty and immediate trial. Eight days later the man was decapitated." Captain Wiedemann is the most—or only—adroit Nazi publicist in the United States, but his touching testimony to Hitler's concern for little children would have been more effective if it had not appeared on the same page that carried the news of the sinking of the British refugee ship.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: "The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unless the Western World soon regains and lives its way of life, it must die

Importance of an Ideal

By C. S. LEWIS

From *Time and Tide*, London Topical Weekly

THE WORD chivalry has meant at different times a good many different things—from heavy cavalry to giving a woman a seat in a train. But if we want to understand chivalry as an ideal distinct from other ideals—if we want to isolate that particular conception of the man *comme il faut* which was the special contribution of the Middle Ages to our culture—we cannot do better than turn to the words addressed to the greatest of all the imaginary knights in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. "Thou wert the meekest man," says Sir Ector to the dead Lancelot, "Thou wert the meekest man that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest."

The important thing about this ideal is, of course, the double demand it makes on human nature. The knight is a man of blood and iron, a man familiar with the sight of smashed faces and the ragged stumps of lopped-off limbs; he is also a demure, almost a maidenlike, guest in hall, a gentle, modest, unobtrusive man. He is not a compromise or happy mean between ferocity and meekness; he is fierce to the *n*th and meek to the *n*th. When Lancelot heard himself pronounced the best knight in the world, "he wept as he had been a child that had been beaten."

What, you may ask, is the relevance of this ideal to the modern world; it is terribly relevant. It may or may not be practicable—the Middle Ages notoriously failed to obey it—but it is certainly practical; practical as the fact that men in a desert must find water or die.

Let us be quite clear that the ideal is a paradox. Most of us, having grown up among the ruins of the chivalrous tradition, were taught in our youth that a bully is always a coward. Our first week at school probably refuted this lie, along with its corollary that a truly brave man is always gentle. It is a pernicious lie

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

because it misses the real novelty and originality of the medieval demand upon human nature. Worse still, it represents as a natural fact something which is really a human ideal, nowhere fully attained, and nowhere attained at all without arduous discipline. It is refuted by history and experience. Homer's Achilles knows nothing of the demand that the brave should also be the modest and the merciful. He kills men as they cry for quarter or takes them prisoners to kill them at leisure. The heroes of the Sagas know nothing of it; they are as "stern to inflict" as they are "stubborn to endure." Atilla "had a custom of fiercely rolling his eyes, as if he wished to enjoy the terror which he inspired." Even the Romans, when gallant enemies fell into their hands, led them through the streets for a show, and cut their throats in cellars when the show was over. At school we found that the hero of the First XV might well be a noisy, arrogant, overbearing bully. In the last war we often found that the man who was "invaluable in a show" was a man for whom in peacetime we could not easily find room except in Dartmoor. Such is heroism *by nature*—heroism outside the chivalrous tradition.

The medieval ideal brought together two things which have no natural tendency to gravitate toward one another. It brought them together for that very reason. It taught humility and forbearance to the great warrior because everyone knew by experience how much he usually needed that lesson. It demanded valor of the urbane and modest man because everyone knew that he was as likely as not to be a milksop.

In so doing, the Middle Ages fixed on the one hope of the world. It may or may not be possible to produce by the thousand men who combine the two sides of Launcelot's character. But if it is not possible, then all talk of any lasting happiness or dignity in human society is pure moonshine.

If we cannot produce Lancelots, humanity falls into two sections—those who can deal in blood and iron but cannot be "meek in hall," and those who are "meek in hall" but useless in battle—for the third class, who are both brutal in peace and cowardly in war, need not here be discussed. When this dissociation of the two halves of Lancelot occurs, history becomes a horribly simple affair. The ancient history of the Near East is like that. Hardy barbarians swarm down from their highlands and obliterate a civilization. Then they become civilized themselves and go soft. Then a new wave of barbarians comes down and obliterates *them*. Then the cycle begins over again.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Modern machinery will not change this cycle; it will only enable the same thing to happen on a larger scale. Indeed, nothing much else can ever happen, if the "stern" and the "meek" fall into two mutually exclusive classes. And never forget that this is their *natural* condition. The man who combines both characters—the knight—is a work not of nature but of art; of that art which has human beings, instead of canvas or marble, for its medium.

In the world today there is a "liberal" or "enlightened" tradition which regards the combative side of man's nature as a pure, atavistic evil, and scouts the chivalrous sentiment as part of the "false glamour" of war. And there is also a neo-heroic tradition which scouts the chivalrous sentiment as a weak sentimentality, which would raise from its grave (its shallow and unquiet grave!) the pre-Christian ferocity of Achilles by a "modern invocation." Already in our own Kipling the heroic qualities of his favorite subalterns are dangerously removed from meekness and urbanity. One cannot quite imagine the adult Stalkey in the same room with the best of Nelson's captains, still less with Sidney! These two tendencies between them weave the world's shroud.

Happily we live better than we write, better than we deserve. Lancelot is not yet irrecoverable. To some of us this war brought a glorious surprise in the discovery that after twenty years of cynicism and cocktails the heroic virtues were still unimpaired in the younger generation and ready for exercise the moment they were called upon. Yet with this "sternness" there is much "meekness"; from all I hear, the young pilots in the R.A.F. (to whom we owe our life from hour to hour) are not less, but more, urbane and modest than the 1915 model.

IN SHORT, there is still life in the tradition which the Middle Ages inaugurated. But the maintenance of that life depends, in part, on knowing that the knightly character is art not nature—something that needs to be achieved, not something that can be relied upon to happen. And this knowledge is specially necessary as we grow more democratic. In previous centuries the vestiges of chivalry were kept alive by a specialized class, from whom they spread to other classes partly by imitation and partly by coercion. Now, it seems, the people must either be chivalrous on its own resources, or else choose between the two remaining alternatives of brutality and softness. This is, indeed, part of the general problem of a classless society, which is too seldom mentioned. Will its *ethos* be a synthesis of what was best in all the classes, or a mere "pool" with the sediment of all and the virtues of none? But that is too large a subject for the fag-end of an article. My theme is chivalry. I have tried to show that this old tradition is practical and vital. The ideal embodied in Lancelot is "escapism" in a sense never dreamed of by those who use that word; it offers the only possible escape from a world divided between wolves who do not understand, and sheep who cannot defend, the things which make life desirable. There was, to be sure, a rumor in the last century that wolves would gradually become extinct by some natural process; but this seems to have been an exaggeration.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frau Klink is the Nazi arbiter on 'childbed and cookpot' matters

Lady Führer über Alles

By PETER ENGELMANN

FRAU Gertrud Scholtz Klink exercises more authority than any other woman in the world today. She holds unrestricted control over 30,000,000 German women, and is rapidly tightening her grip on 20,000,000 other women now forced to live under the swastika.

She has an SS bodyguard as smart as Himmler's, a string of cars like Göring's. She has a section in Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry, and, like Rudolf Hess, she has her fifth column agents in every important city in the world. She is one of Germany's "Mighty Ten."

Frau Klink rules the lives of women in all things, great and small. She tells them how many children they must have, and when. She tells women what they shall cook, and how; what they shall wear, and how. What they shall say, laughing, to their husbands and sons marching to war. How they shall behave, smiling, when their men are killed. Hers is the responsibility for the home spirit, the very core of national morale. So far, she has done an able job. And her power grows.

This power works through the remarkable organization Frau Klink has built. Center of it is an élite corps, the "Frauenschaft," with 50,000 zealous Nazi party members who have given the oath of allegiance to Hitler and to his deputy, Frau Klink. There is a unit in every community, every factory. Each woman in a unit has specialized duties—one to watch the markets where food is sold, another to act as editor of the women's page of the local newspaper, a third to be leader of the women in a big apartment house. None but Frauenschaft members may aspire to these key positions. Below the Frauenschaft in rank is the "Frauenfront," to which every women's organization in Germany must belong, be it a sewing circle, a bridge club or literary group. In the early days of Hitler's rule, heads of all such societies had to appear in Frau Klink's headquarters for examination. If they did not show sufficient

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enthusiasm for Der Führer they were replaced by others more satisfactory to the régime. Thus, with Frauenschaft as the political center, the Frauenfront reaches into every corner of the Reich and shapes the life of every German woman to Hitler's—or Frau Klink's—will.

Frau Klink's major concerns are the childbed and the cookpot. Nazism needs men. Boys to march, soldiers to die. Frau Klink is to take care that the stream of men flowing into the ranks of the party and the army never dwindles. The Nazis have a word for it, a rather cynical word, *"Bevölkerungspolitik"*—"Populating Policy." The Women's Front begins with young girls, imbuing them with the belief that the most wonderful thing that can ever happen to them is to have a child. Next step is the propaganda for early marriage. The girl who delays marrying is visited by one of the Frauenfront. What is wrong? Money? The state will lend money for marriage. Not the right man? Nonsense! Germany is full of fine, blonde Aryan boys, loyal party followers.

Once the young woman marries, there must be children. All over Germany, Frau Klink's agents visit those wives who for eighteen months have not given birth to a child. These "lecturers" and "social advisers" are carefully picked. They are members of the élite Frauenschaft and nearly all are graduate social workers. Before being assigned to a district they are sent to party camps, where they are thoroughly coached in party propaganda and special techniques for dealing with women.

Talking to the wife who is failing in her duty to breed, the "adviser" shrewdly judges the right approach. To one woman she talks of patriotic obligation to contribute to the glory of Germany. To another she talks of the mystic beatitudes of bounteous motherhood. If the wife talks of expense, the agent promises a federal loan. If she pleads ill health, or sterility, a physician is called. And all the while, the propaganda machine, working with movies, broadcasts, short stories and novels, and prize competitions creates the necessary emotional background.

THE second task of Frau Klink is to teach the German women how to cook *ersatz* foods, how to live on them without destroying the national health. No newspaper or magazine is allowed to print any recipe not approved by the Frauenschaft. Daily broadcasts tell women what to buy and what not to ask for. Traveling kitchens demonstrate how to cook the *ersatz* foods. Whatever boils today in a German cookpot is, in effect, watched by Frau Klink. Each apartment house or group of cottages has a Frauenfront sub-leader who pops unexpectedly into kitchens to see what is on the stove, on the pantry shelves and, above all, in the garbage can. Snooping on one's neighbors has thus been lifted to the plane of patriotism, and petty neighborhood spite is implemented with threats of the concentration camp.

But these two campaigns are dressed up in beautiful words. Frau Klink—who keeps her own three little girls much in evidence—doesn't say, "Beget children." She talks of "woman, the source-spring of the nation," fulfilling "the eternal mission handed to the German wife by Adolf

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hitler." The Nordic woman is "the living stream of blood and earth" and has a "holy mission." The German girl has "found again her natural destiny, while the women of all other nations degenerate."

The story of how the wife of a little country doctor left husband and home to match wits and wills with the Nazi chiefs and emerged triumphant is as fantastic as the saga of the Führer himself.

Frau Klink had met Hitler once, in 1932. Marie Diers, venerable writer on women's topics, who had supported Hitler since 1927, arranged the meeting and went with Frau Klink to tell Hitler they felt it a grave mistake to have no women speakers at party meetings. Hitler listened to them, his head in his hands. Then his quick decision: "I abhor women politicians. In no party meeting will I allow women to talk on politics. If there are special women's meetings they shall be opened by a man. After him a woman may talk of specific women's questions."

Frau Klink tried then to find out what Hitler thought was the best propaganda line for women. "This pest—this vice," he exploded. "I'll exterminate it as soon as I am Chancellor. These street girls!"

And that, as Gertrud Klink once told me, was the only statement concerning women that she ever heard in private from the Führer.

In *Mein Kampf*, Hitler mentions women only in two small paragraphs, one on venereal disease, one on marriage. The Nazis themselves just did not know what to do about women. The party bullies were contemptuous of them, boasting that nazism was a "movement of men." Women should be satisfied that Hitler would make their men "blonde, strong and stormy." But Frau Klink knew that more and very different things would be necessary to control German women and make them subservient to the Führer.

After her interview, Frau Klink went back home. The waters were dangerous during the spring flood of the Nazi revolution. Shrewdly she kept out of the political arena. When Hitler came to power she hung out three swastika flags and sent a long letter to Frau Diers by courier. Then she waited.

OVERNIGHT, leaders emerged for every sort of organization, from university professors to needle workers. The first to proclaim herself Leader of the German Women was Lydia Gottschewsky, a skinny girl with fanatical eyes. For five years her life had belonged to the party, and she had worked under Goebbels. Old Frau Diers also was around. She brought with her pretty Erika Kirmsee, young reporter from a third-class paper in Kiel. Smelling the opportunity of the hour, Erika had come to Berlin to "help the Führer." This trio quickly went to work.

At first everything went splendidly. No person dared to doubt the new authority. Then, slowly, difficulties came up—not from outside. Frau Diers and Erika Kirmsee came into open conflict with Lydia. Three women dictators struggling for power.

Lydia collapsed; Erika took her to a hospital, a shaking woman, crying hysterically. No one has seen her since.

That night, Frau Diers telegraphed to Frau Klink in the Black Forest:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Everything arranged. Hess and I expect you at once."

From the start, Frau Klink was sagacious. She took shabby quarters in an obscure neighborhood and announced that she would give out no public statements for nine months. Robert Ley, head of the Labor Front, after three months' dispute, became convinced that working women should fall under the control of a woman leader. Erika Kirmsee's beauty, it is said, helped convince him. The Youth Leader, Baldur von Schirach, had not been willing to consent to Frau Klink's control of girls. So she got hold of witnesses and documents concerning a private affair of blonde and lyrical Baldur—one of those affairs the Führer should not know. Baldur von Schirach gave in. In nine months Frau Klink out-maneuvered Goebbels and won the approval of the mighty Gestapo chief, Himmler. Most important of all, she won the German General Staff. She became the undisputed chief. And she swung into her campaign of propaganda.

From 1938 on, Frau Gertrud's collaboration with the General Staff grew more and more intensive. At the outbreak of war she was ready. In every city and every village of Germany, Frauenschaft representatives go from house to house, keeping up women's spirits. Each week, they have new instructions on what to say. They talk to the women of Germany's glorious victories. "Sacrifices now are necessary to the Führer's plans to make Germany great, prosperous and happy. It is really all for the children! What true German mother would not give herself, her husband, or even a son, for the sake of young children's future?"

Another Frauenschaft organization controls the hundreds of thousands of women who took the men's places in the armament factories and on the farms. There is a "social warden" for each factory, responsible for women's morale. She helps the women with their perplexities and difficulties. This may mean financial help, or perhaps just friendly advice. But the social warden is also a policewoman, and every spy knows that tales about women workers are to be brought to her.

Not tales about morals; Nazi Germany stops just short of encouraging loose sexual morals. The Nazis, indeed, come very close to incitement with their talk of *lebensfreude*—joy of living—to which hardworking Germans are entitled. After all, people must have an outlet, a distraction from war strain. And there is always the Populating Policy. . . .

This trend does not fluster Frau Klink. She carefully preserves the look of the typical blonde *hausfrau*—Nazi ideal of womanhood—with her provincial dresses and long hair wound round her head. But Doctor Klink still cares for farmers' sore throats, in the little home town in the Black Forest, and the Nazi personage who suggested to the Reichsführerin that a job might be found for the doctor in Berlin got a short and shocking "no." Of two framed photographs on Frau Gertrud's desk, one is Hitler's. The other is not her husband's. She has come far since her Black Forest days.

LONG before Hitler began his campaign of expansion, the Reichsfrauenführerin—to give Frau Gertrud her full, resounding title—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

began to study the possibilities of helping the Nazi machine abroad. Women leaders in other countries were invited to Berlin for a week or a month to study "the remarkable social progress of the German woman." Frau Klink's chic lieutenant, Erika Kirmsee, showed them around. If they were very important they were allowed to meet the Führer. That was amazingly effective propaganda.

"Those old women go absolutely goofy over Adolf," cynical Erika once commented to me. "I don't know what they find in him. To me, he seems always rather helpless."

Frau Klink made two attempts to do foreign propaganda in person. She went to visit Lady Asquith, to win friends for appeasement, but the stiff British manner chilled her and the funny small-town dresses to which she clings (she calls them German style, without taint of foreign influence) made a bad impression. The visit was broken off after three days. Later, in Sweden, she blossomed forth in silver lamé—but it went no better. Since then, broken-down princesses of Ribbentrop's set have been used for such missions, but Frau Klink kept up her work of "collaborating" with women's organizations everywhere.

Goodlooking and smartly attired Nazi girls were sent on international tours. Millions of pamphlets were distributed to women in England, Scandinavia and America. Soon Frau Klink had her cells abroad. In her office I used to see a map of the world. Red pins sprout all over Latin America, from Peru to Panama. Red pins stick in Chicago, Los Angeles, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. Every pin represents one of the women's units. Twenty-four hours after the Nazis invaded Denmark and Norway, Danish and Norwegian women fifth columnists received instructions on how to organize the women. The same thing happened in Belgium, the Netherlands, and France.

IN THE early days, Frau Klink worshipped Hitler as the "new Messiah." She now knows he is a hungry dictator. She has privately expressed her doubts as to his "genuineness" but the idealistic country doctor's wife is now a sub-dictator herself. She has power and she intends to maintain it.

"While I am the leader, the German women will be the fighting soul of the fighting front," Frau Klink has declared.

The Maligned Canines

The Secretary of the National Canine Defense League protests against suggestions that dogs should no longer bear the owner's name and address because this information might be useful to enemy parachutists. He gives the following reasons why no parachutist is likely to receive help in this way: the animal would be too intelligent (or particular) to permit a Hun to examine him; the Hun would get bitten, and anyone who stopped to read dog collars would be advertising very clearly that he was up to mischief.

—*Times*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PALO ALTO
PUBLIC LIBRARY
READING ROOM

An American reporter sees no gaiety in former capital; confusion remains

Eyewitness Story of Nazi Paris

By MAX JORDAN

THIS, I keep telling myself, is really Paris — the same old Paris of lovely buildings and avenues. Were I to half close my eyes, divorce myself of all that happened in a single month, I would appreciate that physically the city stands majestic as ever.

But blinking away an aura of fantasy I must cling to the reality that this is definitely *not* the Paris I or millions before me have ever known. I am here to observe and to report. Therefore I am jotting down everything I see, feel and think; impressions that have been pounding into my consciousness since I came back.

Decidedly, the Germans are all over the place, military in armored cars, sentries clicking their heels, the familiar Hitler salute. The Parisians (half of them I'm told have not returned after their hasty flight) go about their business outwardly unperturbed, but with a detachment hardly concealed by a polite reserve. Shops and stores are slowly being reopened.

Wonder of wonders! There are no tourists to crowd the sidewalk cafes. Traffic in the street is limited almost entirely to military and police requirements. All the smartness of the Champs Elysées and downtown sections of Paris has disappeared. I would say that Paris has become a typically French provincial town—a city of Parisians, strange to say; that is, if you exclude the German conquerors who are having a fling at window-shopping and buying cheap French goods for their credit marks, a currency artificially created by the German government for use in all the occupied territories.

The Germans are controlling buying. I have a handbill which tells me they are not to make large purchases. It also tells them they must not smoke in public, obey the 11:00 P.M. curfew and "keep at a certain distance from the French population." The French obey that rule instinctively as far as the Germans are concerned.

German papers are hawked everywhere. None of the familiar Paris

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dailies are published here any longer except the *Paris-Soir* and *Le Matin*, and even they are under a new management entirely.

Inquiring about Americans still in Paris, I'm told that there are 500 and they are all well. The Embassy is constantly receiving inquiries about them, but communications are so slow that often these inquiries cannot be taken care of for weeks.

Most of the hotels have been confiscated by the German authorities for their needs. No stranger, of course, can come to Paris without the proper okay by them. In my hotel I found that hot running water is available only for a few hours on Saturdays and Wednesdays.

The last time I was here some four months ago, the atmosphere was one of confidence in victory. Now everything is changed. The glory of a proud queen seems lost. The very waters of the Seine seem to flow by Notre Dame Cathedral at a slower pace. And though the summer sun shines brightly, there is no gaiety.

No, there is no longer the Paris that was. The many Germans here for the first time don't get to know the real Paris. The veil has been taken off her beauty too forcibly, so that beauty may be discerned only by those who knew her in the happy days.

"We couldn't laugh with them, could we?" remarked my waiter today as he spoke of the German conquerors. So everybody is quiet, strictly correct and well-behaved—terribly un-Parisian, you know. The real Paris is hiding, just isn't there.

But I went to the Arc de Triomphe where the flame of the Unknown Soldier is still alive, and to the Louvre. Then I gazed over the vast expanse of that glorious Place de la Concorde. There I felt the presence of Paris again; its omnipresence, its eternity.

IN CONTRAST to the towns I drove through on my way here, virtually all Paris was spared the bombs. In Vitry de François and Stainville, for instance, all is ruins and destruction, the mute misery of war. On the village square hung a mirror reflecting the ruins as though it were a symbol of all the ephemeral things of life.

And on the way from Nancy I passed miles of untilled fields, miles of wheat and barley unharvested. I tried to count the farmers I saw. A scant dozen on an eight-hour drive. All the others are refugees, prisoners, or have drenched the soil of their homeland with their blood.

Woe to the vanquished! The French who were defeated have no unity of purpose. A vanquished nation never has, at least in the beginning when the people are too stunned to think, and lose their energies in recrimination and inner dissension.

Think of being a prisoner in your own country as hundreds of thousands of French now are. It's all so unreal to see them being taken through the streets to this or that task to perform, groups of fifty or a hundred led by one or two lone Germans.

These Germans are mostly farmers' sons and hence intrigued sightseers. Many look somewhat clumsy in their uniforms, but do not seem self-conscious about it. They look at the beauties of Paris with sincere respect and admiration, line up frequently for snapshots to take back home. At the sidewalk cafes they click heels and stick up their arms in rigid Nazi salutes when superiors pass by.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meantime, the Parisians pay little attention to all these strange things imported from far-away climes they don't know and don't understand.

A Parisian congratulated an American newspaperman who was being transferred from Paris to Berlin. When the American asked why he was to consider himself fortunate, the Frenchman replied: "Oh, up there you'll have by no means as many Germans around as here."

I don't take all the rumors with much credence. The French are sound and their current tragedy will go far in regenerating vital energies among them without resorting to cure-alls that would be out of step with their fundamental traditions.

This tranquil Sunday I strolled along the Champs Elysées in a charmingly bourgeois world. The simple people, the workers and the middle class, the midinettes and small shopkeepers now dominate the scene. Gone are the upper classes, the politicians, the wealthy tourists and famous writers and artists.

IT IS strange the way the Parisians eye their uninvited visitors with detached reserve. When they first came it seems the people, feeling greatly relieved at having been spared the dreaded bombardment of Paris, almost welcomed the Germans. But now they think it is high time their visitors went back home and left them alone again. Of course, they refrain from saying so.

There is ample evidence that the German influence is spreading fast. Berlin newspapers are delivered by plane every morning. Your waiter may say "*Danke schoen*" instead of "*Merci.*" Certain minor restaurants proclaim they are "pure Aryan."

The news reports, of course, are censored in all the papers now published in Paris. The rules are simple; nothing must be said that may be considered detrimental to German interests. The general effect is that the news is now much the same as in Berlin or Rome.

Now and then one sees signs of Paris returning to its accustomed norm. The stock exchange reopening; the horse races at Longchamps; one paper recommends that the theaters reopen so that the German visitors can admire French art. In other words, amidst all the sorrow and all the confusion, life goes on.

The controlled Paris press is conducting a rather ominous campaign in a definite direction. For example, *La France au Travail* requests editorially that none of the former government heads or higher public officials be permitted to take office again. "Throw them out systematically," it says. *Le Matin* shouts, "France wants a master who commands." *Dernières Nouvelles* says George Mandel has surrendered to military authorities in Algier, and adds: "Let us hope that this Jewish ex-minister will be prosecuted." The trend is obvious enough.

The refugee problem is being brought under control, although there are still some four million in France trying to get back to their homes. As we drove out to Chartres this morning we found a stream of motorcars, most of them decrepit, and an assortment of trucks and wagons loaded with household goods. The stories these refugees tell are heart-rending; of a panic-stricken stampede to escape the air raids; then confusion, misery and greater danger on the roads.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seizure of Tangier augurs an early intervention in war against Britain

Fascist Spain on Threshold of War

From the *Economist*, London Financial Weekly

SPAIN has recently taken the step from neutrality to non-belligerency. At the beginning of the war, although the press was certainly influenced by German propaganda, particularly in the matter of news and comments, Spain was officially neutral. The British Government took up a reciprocal attitude, and even went further with its constant advances to win Spain's friendship.

Hence all the patient negotiations that went on from November last year to March 18, when the Anglo-Spanish Trade Agreement was signed. When it was ratified in Parliament on April 24, Mr. R. A. Butler, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, stated that the policy of Great Britain was "to respect the neutrality of Spain so long as it was respected by others." It was a timely declaration, since just then the Spanish Under-Secretary for Air, General Barron, and his staff were flying to Rome and Berlin and visiting the Norwegian battlefields as Marshal Göring's guests, and reports were continually arriving that there were some 60,000 to 80,000 Germans in Spain. As it was found that the Germans were trying to create mischief by spreading a rumor in Spain that the Allies had designs on the Spanish colonies, the Foreign Office on May 15 issued an official statement repeating the declaration made in Parliament.

When the new Cabinet under Mr. Churchill took office, Sir Samuel Hoare was sent as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Madrid. He presented his credentials to El Caudillo on June 8, the Falangists choosing that moment for street demonstrations, in which "Gibraltar is Spanish!" was shouted with renewed vigor. The entry of Italy into the war two days later was followed in three days by the Spanish declaration of non-belligerency. Spain, therefore, seems to follow only one step behind Italy, whose neutrality became non-belligerency, then pre-belligerency, and finally almost belligerency on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some fronts. Great Britain, however, has not so far announced any change in her policy of respecting Spanish neutrality, in spite of the fact that the Spanish Government itself has put an end to it.

Spain was not slow to give practical expression to her declaration of non-belligerency. On June 14, Tangier was occupied by the Spanish land, sea and air forces.

TANGIER has frequently cropped up in the history of British diplomacy in the Mediterranean. When M. Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister, visited London in 1903, Lord Lansdowne, then Foreign Secretary, wrote: "I said that we could not be indifferent to the fate of Morocco. We were in the first place largely interested in the Mediterranean seaboard, and particularly in Tangier and the neighboring coast. It would be impossible for us to agree to any settlement which might have an injurious effect on British commerce or British enterprises in that part of Africa." In Article VII of the Declaration on Egypt and Morocco in 1904, England and France agreed to certain measures regarding fortifications on the Moroccan coast in order to insure the freedom of the Straits. However, next year the German Emperor made a landing at Tangier and stated that he did not recognize any agreement. Thus, the special significance of Tangier as the rival of Gibraltar came into prominence. A few years later, Sir Arthur Nicholson, Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, gave a more definite expression to British policy. Writing to Sir Charles Hardinge in 1911 he summarized its minimum aims in this set of conditions: (1) the internationalization of Tangier and its neighborhood; (2) a treaty pledge that no ports on the Moroccan coast should be fortified; (3) that Germany should not endeavor to acquire a port on the Mediterranean coast; (4) the maintenance of the *status quo*.

After the German coup at Agadir in 1911, and in order to check further intrigues, Spain and France made a treaty in 1912 defining their respective spheres of influence and an international zone at Tangier. In 1925 General Primo de Rivera brought into force the Convention of 1923, to which Great Britain was a party. Mussolini repeated the Kaiser's coup by sending a cruiser to Tangier, and by the Protocol of 1928 Italy became a partner in the Administration. The zone is demilitarized; the consuls of the powers concerned form a Control Committee; and legislative power is exerted by an International Assembly of twenty-seven members.

The international zone has an area of about 225 square miles and a population of 60,000—40,000 native Mohammedans, 8,000 native Jews and 12,000 Europeans, of whom less than half are Spaniards. Similarly, Spain has far from a predominant share in Tangier's international trade. While imports increased from 62,400,000 francs in 1935 to 94,700,000 in 1938, those from Spain decreased from 7,700,000 to 1,700,000, and all of the decline cannot be explained by the Civil War. Imports from other countries showed an increase—the United Kingdom from 6,600,000 to 7,800,000, the U.S.A. from 4,600,000 to 7,400,000, and France and Algeria from 12,800,000 to 29,000,000. Total exports decreased from 18.-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

700,000 francs in 1935 to 11,300,000 in 1938. Exports to Spain decreased from 5,200,000 to 100,000, and to the United Kingdom from 3,900,000 to 2,600,000, but those to British possessions in the Mediterranean mounted from 2,700,000 to 4,300,000, and to France and Algeria from 700,000 to 1,900,000.

But, notwithstanding the small extent of her economic interests and the international agreements to which she was a party, Spain recently included Tangier in the list of her imperial claims. The Spanish High Commissioner at Tetuan on June 14 notified the French Consul that in agreement with the French Government the Spanish Government intended to occupy Tangier at once. On the same day the British Consul at Tangier received a note from the Spanish Consul stating that the military occupation of Tangier and its zone had been carried out, with the exclusive object of securing the strict neutrality of Tangier. It is interesting to note that this agreement with the French Government was reached just before the French Cabinet decided to surrender; and, as was apparent from Mr. Butler's statement in the House of Commons, the British Government had no part in the agreement, since it was only notified after the occupation by Spain had taken place. How a non-belligerent country could secure the neutrality of Tangier against some unspecified threat is very far from clear.

THE real reason the Spanish claim Tangier must be considered in conjunction with the claim to Gibraltar: Spain's object, in fact, is control of the Straits. The occupation of Tangier is the first step toward that Spanish Empire which is the dream of the Falangists and which many people have thought fantastic.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the coup has stimulated the imagination and ambitions of the Falangists, who, on their posters at least, proclaim, "So that Spain may be great—Gibraltar, Tangier, Casablanca, Fez, Oran, Algiers!"

BESIDES giving France a feeling of insecurity regarding her Pyrennean frontier and her communications with North Africa, the Spanish rulers played another important rôle in the French Government's surrender. The Falangist Ambassador in France, Sr. Lequerica, had before the fall of Paris made several visits, together with the Papal Nuncio, to President Lebrun, advising him to prevent further bloodshed. And when the moment came he hastened to offer the services of his Government as intermediary between Hitler and Marshal Pétain's Government, which contains men well known for their pro-Franco activities in France during the Spanish war—such as M. Ybarnegaray, General Weygand and Marshal Pétain himself. When he was Ambassador in Madrid the latter was in contact with the French defeatists and, indirectly, with Nazi agents. His plan was to "appease" the Falangist Government, and he sent requests to the French Government to take measures against the Catalan and Basque refugees in France, against their cultural activities and their publications, which were so useful in spreading pro-Allied propaganda in influential Catalan and Basque circles in South America.

In Spain, it is these democratic ele-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments, the Basques and the Catalans, who are the only people consciously pro-Ally. Thus, a spontaneous demonstration took place in Barcelona under the embarrassed eyes of the Spanish authorities, when hundreds of Catalans cheered the Duke and Duchess of Windsor on their arrival from France.

Now the north and west of France have been occupied by German troops. They are installed in the French part of the Basque Country, as far as Saint Jean Pied de Port. German and Spanish officers have been fraternizing at the frontier. German soldiers and material have even crossed it, although a projected parade at San Sebastian was cancelled—presumably as being too blatant a gesture.

Moreover, a large percentage of the 60,000 to 80,000 Germans said to be in Spain are reported to be concentrating in Galicia, the northwest corner of the Peninsula, with sufficient war material to suggest the formation of an expeditionary force. German submarines are busy in that quarter, indicating that they may have bases in the Galician *rias* (small fiords). A very powerful broadcasting station has just been established at Corunna. Galicia, in fact, looks like becoming a German stronghold. On the other hand, the new measures taken by the British Ministry of Economic Warfare will greatly help to frustrate Germany's hopes to use non-belligerent Spain, like non-belligerent Italy, as a leak in the blockade.

MORE light is thrown on Falangist ambitions by a lecture given in Madrid on April 29 by General Fuentes Cervera, Under-Secretary of the Spanish War Ministry. He applied to Spain the geo-political doctrines which inspire the German General Staff and Foreign Office, emphasizing that Spain is a bridge linking Europe with Africa. The policy of Spain must be to control the two bridgeheads, one in Septimania (the region in the South of France embracing the seven towns—Carcassonne, Narbonne, Nîmes, Beziers, Agde, Magalone and Elne, up to the Rhone) and the other in Mauretania or North Africa.

An official endorsement of some of the imperial claims of the Falangists was given by General Franco in his speech to the Army, Navy and Air chiefs on July 17, the fourth anniversary of his rising. "We are only pausing in the battle now," he said. "We have not finished our task. We have shed the blood of our dead to build a nation and create an empire. For that we must force Spain to be united." He referred to Ferdinand and Isabella, the King of Aragon and Queen of Castile, who, according to Spanish official textbooks, brought about the unity of Spain by their marriage, and to the Queen's will—a commonplace of all Spanish nationalist propaganda—with its statement of the destiny of Spain in Africa. "It is the duty and mission of Spain to command Gibraltar," said General Franco, "and expand in Africa. Spain has 2,000,000 soldiers ready to defend her rights."

"Spain, united, great and free," is the Falangist motto. By unity they often mean the abolition of parties and of Catalan and Basque nationalism, but they also include now the reduction of Gibraltar and Portugal under a common rule.

Expansion in Africa can only be in Algeria or in the part of Morocco

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

belonging to France—the very country the Falangists helped to surrender to Hitler. As for Portugal, while General Franco's brother, the Ambassador in Lisbon, said that the two countries would march in peace and complete agreement, posters put up in Madrid by the Propaganda Department of the Falange Party were advising Portugal to turn the geographical unity of the Peninsula into a political unity, and "to break the shackles of British control." But these probably represent the ideas of the extremists only, and a considerable improvement in the relations between the two Peninsular countries has been achieved with the signing on July 29 of an additional Protocol to the Treaty of Amity and Non-Aggression of March last year. This will undoubtedly be a very useful instrument in preserving peace in the Peninsula, the desire of all parties concerned—with the natural exception of the Germans.

Too Many Prohibitions

The authorities must trust people. They still think of them as naughty children. "What is little Bertie doing? Anyhow, run and tell him not to!" is still their attitude. Our men must not have rifles in their hands lest they should "let them off" and hurt somebody. The people must not have a drink in Hyde Park without a sandwich lest they run amok! The Swiss normally keeps his rifle in his umbrella stand. He is the most peaceful person on earth. On the Continent when personal freedom was the rule, I have almost never seen a person intoxicated. In America, during Prohibition, I have seen respectable female school teachers fall flat on their faces at social gatherings.

Our legislation regarding "gaming" and "betting" is a fantasy of its own. Again, why, forsooth, should The Lord Chamberlain censor plays and not music halls and films? Lotteries are banned here, whilst in our colony of Malta a giant one is permanently conducted by the State. Many of the clergy—especially those attached to troops—have led Thomas Atkins to believe that Christianity is not so much a great spiritual philosophy as a system of sexual repression. All this has got to go. When the war is over we want a people who will indulge in revelry without licentiousness, and be able to hold its wine.

—Edward Hulton in *World Review*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They view the British people as too clever and 'lacking in morals'

Why Russians Don't Like Albion

By ALBERT PARRY

WILL Russia finally realize her own peril, imminent if Great Britain is defeated by Hitler? Will Sir Stafford Cripps, the British envoy to Stalin, succeed in drawing Russia to England's side before it is too late for both countries to be saved from the Nazi grip?

A story is told of a Moscow atheist who on his deathbed exclaimed: "There is no Kingdom of Heaven! And even if there had been one, the English would have gotten there a long time ago, and would have grabbed all the available seats!"

Here, in a nutshell, you have the age-old exasperation of the Russian with the Britisher; the innate suspicion aroused in the Bear That Walks Like a Man by the very pride of the Man That Leaps Like a Lion; the jealousy and fear felt in Moscow from the days of Ivan the Terrible, when the first English came to trade with Russia, to these Soviet days of Stalin. At all times, only a handful of liberal Russians admired the English and tried to emulate rather than to thwart them. They admired the islanders because of the latter's fine traditions of liberty and justice—for such institutions of theirs as the parliamentary system, trial by jury, freedom of the press and speech and religious worship. But liberal Russians were few in number and practically never in power. The Russians who ruled, all those big and little tsars from Ivan to Stalin, were in the habit of regarding such admiration for British liberty as dangerous thoughts and the Lion himself as a ferocious and grabbing beast.

If Kipling's Bear walked toward India, the Russians in their turn have always pictured the Lion reaching his paws toward their city in the north—toward St. Petersburg now known as Leningrad. The other day I found this Russian text:

> The Finnish war was inevitable because of the strategic significance of Finland as a country adjacent to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peter's city. Conquest of Finland was necessary to guarantee peaceful possession and development of the city, and was but a question of time. The decree to invade Finland was given in order to paralyze Finland's role as a possible base for British military action against Russia.

Stalin and Molotov speaking in 1939 and 1940? No, this is Volume VIII, page 108, of the Encyclopædia of Military and Naval Affairs published in St. Petersburg in 1897, in the reign of Tsar Nicholas II, and describing the Finnish war of 1808-09 carried on by Tsar Alexander I.

History certainly has a way of repeating itself. The Russians hardly ever trusted the British. Even when for a short period, as in World War I, they found themselves allied against a common enemy, the favorite Russian saying was: "The British have firmly decided to fight to the last drop of Russian blood." (Herr Doctor Goebbels of Hitler's propaganda machine has recently utilized this old quip by paraphrasing it: "The British have tried to fight to the last drop of French blood.") Another Russian saying of the same time but of grimmer tone was: "We will fight England just as soon as the World War is over."

AND so they did—at least the Reds among them—on a half-dozen fronts of 1918-20: near Murmansk and Archangel in the north, on the Baltic Sea in the west, around the oilfield center of Baku in the southeast, along the Crimean shores and near Odessa in the south, beyond the Urals in Western and Eastern Siberia, and in fact where-not. The British were not exactly defeated, but withdrew just the same, and the memory remained with the Russians as one of an allegedly overwhelming and glorious victory.

The Russians also pride themselves that on more than one occasion they outsmarted the British. Thus, George III bargained with Catherine the Great for the hire of 20,000 Russian infantry to quell the rebellion of American colonists. The Russians were to sail from St. Petersburg and Cronstadt in the spring of 1776, as soon as the ice would melt. They were to land in Canada, from there to descend upon the thirteen colonies and restore the King's authority. But at the very last moment, the King's contract in her hand, Catherine refused to sign it, declaring that the British ambassador had misunderstood her, and that she had never intended to shed her Russian subjects' blood for the good of the blundering Tories. The real reason for her refusal was the fast-growing rivalry between the Russian and British empires, particularly in the Near East. Catherine was not at all averse to seeing her competitor lose America and so suffer in prestige in Europe and Asia by repercussion.

To trip up the British, to go back on an agreement with them, is an especial Russian delight. In pulling out of World War I before its end, the Russians took a particular pleasure in the spectacle of their British ally's discomfiture and anger. They seem to be only sorry that such opportunities to leave Albion in the lurch do not come often enough.

It is perfectly moral, the Russians feel, to doublecross the British ruling caste. For it is within the nature of the British upper crust, says Moscow,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to doublecross all and sundry. Summing up his compatriots' view, Alexis Pisemsky, a writer of the second half of the last century, remarked in his *Townspeople* that "wherever there are English, you are sure to find perfidy and greed." To an average Russian "perfidious Albion" is by now a familiar expression. He uses it often and with venom, hardly aware of the fact that the phrase was first coined by the French in 1840 when British diplomats unexpectedly came to an understanding with Russians, Prussians and Austrians in order to thwart certain schemes of Paris. In Russian folk-talk, instead of "England," "Englishmen" or "British," the islanders are frequently referred to by a collective noun "the Englishwoman," and the context in which the word is usually employed is not flattering. The usage dates back to the middle 1850's, the time of the Crimean War, the ill fortunes of which the Russians blamed on British perfidy. The most common expression in those years was, "The Englishwoman has played us dirty." Queen Victoria was meant, surely, yet the same expression reappears these days, four decades after the Queen's demise.

During the Crimean War, Tsar Nicholas I took it as a personal offense, and his subjects as a national dishonor, when the British men-o'-war fired their guns within the hearing of St. Petersburg. Ever since then every step and suggestion by the British has been under the heaviest suspicion possible. Once an English engineer presented to the Tsar's minister of communications a project of a railroad to be built across the Urals and entire Siberia to the Amur delta. The Englishman wanted the right of importing free of duty and inspection whatever he needed for the road, but the minister smelled a Trojan Horse. He rejected the application, explaining to his aides in confidence: "In sealed cars, pretending it to be freight, the English might bring an army of fifty thousand soldiers into the heart of Siberia, and then, in a sudden move, seize the country."

Thus, if we are to believe the Muscovite newspapers and history, the British lack morals most notoriously. And why? Because of boxing, says a Russian.

He says it in *Krechinsky's Marriage*, a play popular on the Russian stage for the last eighty years. "Love thy neighbor, indeed!" comes from a character in the play. "From an early age they train each Englishman to box. What sort of love for your neighbor can you have if you box?" And wherefrom is the Britishers' boxing? The man gives an ingenious, however condescending and ironic, explanation: "We must nevertheless excuse the English—they have become such-ones because they are crowded and stifled on that island of theirs. They have hardly any land out there, no more than a yard per capita. That's why, willy-nilly, they have to sock one another on the jaw."

OF THE more familiar nationals the Frenchman will get excited, the German will show blunt authority which is all on the surface. The Russian understands both. But the Englishman is proverbially unperturbed even in crises. The authority he shows has a knack of not seeming absolute. It is quite an advantage. He gains it not through outright force as the Russian or the German would, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through adroit commerce and hidden diplomacy. The Russian is baffled by a merchant cleverer, and a diplomat subtler, than he. He feels that his chances to outsmart the British are too few, alas!

That the Britisher is clever as a rule, many Russians would concede. A Russian saying admits that while "the Frenchman has his intelligence at the end of his tongue, the Englishman has his at the end of his fingers." When a Russian says that an article is "*angliyskoi raboty*," that is, of English workmanship, he means it as a term of the highest praise. A song of the Volga shores, lamenting the primitive tools and profound misery of a *mouzhik*, wistfully and almost respectfully mentions the undeniable fact that

> the Englishman, the wise one,
> in order to push the work along,
> invented one machine after another,
> but our Russian peasant,
> when he can bear the toil no longer,
> merely sings a work-chanty.

—*Marianne*, Paris

And yet, there is one school of Russian thought that would debate the British cleverness. In *Krechinsky's Marriage*, when the Anglophobe pooh-poohs the British and all they have given the world, another personage feebly objects by pointing to the Englishmen's "all kinds of inventions, factories, machines, steamers." Is it not true progress? But the Anglophobe has an answer. "Excuse me, little father, but that's hunger, really hunger and nothing else. You take a fool and lock him up in a small empty room. Give him nothing to eat —you'll see what clever things the fool will try in his desire to survive!"

Thus, in their condemnation of the British, the Russians often disagree among themselves. The British have no sense of humor, some Russians charge. According to a quip by Anton Chekhov, John Bull ponders a joke or a funny situation for ten minutes before he laughs. The British have too much of a sense of humor, other Russians complain. According to Nicholas Karamzin, a Russian visiting England in 1790, "just as the French will compose a song for every occasion, so will the British think up a caricature."

British habits of eating also come in for contradictory criticism. One Russian writer, A. V. Sukhovo-Kobylin (author of the already mentioned *Krechinsky's Marriage*), made fun of the islanders' fondness for certain queer vegetables: "Our Russian cows won't eat what your Englishmen devour." Judging by the memory of my own years among the Russians and the British, he must have meant let-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tuce. On the other hand, Karamzin wrote: "The English love no greens whatever. Roast beef and beefsteaks constitute their usual food. That's why their blood becomes thick, and they turn phlegmatic and melancholy persons, unbearable even to themselves, and often ending as suicides." Their melancholy dispositions, the author adds, are also caused by "the eternal fog, coming from the sea, and the perpetual coal-smoke, whole clouds of which waft here over the towns and villages."

The English language, too, is not a pleasant one, and the way the British use it is even worse. To quote the same Karamzin:

> It seems as if the British mouths are tied together, or if the opening of those mouths is taxed by the King's ministries: they hardly part the upper row of their teeth from the lower; they whistle and hint rather than speak. Generally, the English language is crude, unpleasant to the ear, but rich and well polished in all ways as a literary medium—but it is rich with things *stolen, wrested* from others. All the learned words, also the majority of words having to do with morals, are taken from the French or Latin, while the main verbs are borrowed from the German. Romans, Saxons and Danes annihilated the British people and their language.

A derisive story is told among Russians on precisely how the English language came into being. The story may not be original, bearing as it does strong traces of being an adaptation from German sources, but it surely expresses the Russian attitude to the quaint tongue of the islanders, to wit:

After God had distributed languages among men of the earth, the Englishman stood up. "You forgot me, O Lord," he protested.

"So I did," the Almighty said in consternation. "And come to think of it, there are no more languages left, that's a fact. Wait, I have an idea!"

He took all the distributed languages back into His mouth, mixed them well, then spat the mixture out:

"Here is your language, Englishman."

Thus, the hybrid body of the Briton's language. Thus, its mumbling, spitting sound to the Russian's ear.

And yet the curious folk stick to their outlandish and difficult tongue even after years of living in foreign parts.

In Chekhov's story, *A Daughter of Albion*, a Russian landlord is amazed and indignant at the English governess in his employ: "The great stupid has been living in Russia for ten years, yet knows not a word of Russian! Any little aristocrat of ours goes to them and learns to chatter in their tongue, while they . . . the devil alone knows why they are that way."

However, he adds, not only the devil but he, too, knows these English—knows what an average Briton is about:

"Far above the crowd! Does not consider us as human beings!"

The average Russian of the present time pretty well shares that old view of Chekhov's day a half-century back. Today, too, the Russians feel that the trouble with the British is that they consider themselves far above the crowd of other nations—that they do not consider foreigners as human beings.

But then perhaps that is what the British say about the Russians old and new.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Persons and Personages

The Last President

Adapted From the *National-Zeitung*, Basle Liberal Daily

ON April 5, 1939, the National Assembly of France met in a room in the old palace of Versailles, to elect a president of the Third Republic. "All Paris"—notables of politics, literature, the press and diplomacy—crowded in to watch the 314 senators and 618 deputies walk one by one to the ballot box to deposit their votes. Whenever a famous personality arose to take his turn, he was greeted with enthusiastic applause.

The scene had the brilliance of a traditional ceremony, but the election itself was not an event of great political moment though it occurred just two days after Italian troops marched into Albania. It was a foregone conclusion that Albert Lebrun, fourteenth president of the Third Republic, would also be its fifteenth—and, as it turned out, its last.

A few weeks before his re-election, M. Lebrun had rented a roomy apartment in one of the big modern houses in the neighborhood of the Bois de Boulogne, prepared for a well-earned rest after seven strenuous years in the Elysée. He would live surrounded by his children and grandchildren, and a grateful Republic would elect him to the Senate, where he could still take an interest in politics without having to work too hard. He was beginning to feel an old man, for he was born in the year of the first French defeat by the Germans, 1871. Brilliant names were suggested to succeed him, but as the election drew nearer there was an overwhelming demand for the return to office of the man who had filled the purely symbolical office of faithful guardian of the Constitution, so correctly, politely and conscientiously. Finally, Lebrun acceded to the demands of the politicians, of whom Premier Edouard Daladier was the most insistent. Daladier's Government had been in power just a year. It had managed to survive the Munich crisis, and there was general agreement that the *redressement* should not be disturbed by any change of personnel in leading posts. According to *Le Temps*, "Never was France more in need of a supreme Chief of State who would be recognized and respected by all Frenchmen." The need was obvious, though perhaps not Lebrun's qualifications to meet it.

Lebrun, who was born in Lorraine, was educated as an engineer and was, briefly, a school teacher, but from the time he first entered the Chamber of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Deputies, in 1900, he progressed steadily as a politician, holding a variety of cabinet and other posts before he was finally elected to the presidency. His intellectual qualifications were not outstanding, but he was a very correct man. In time, he built himself into the French ideal of a president. The Republicans reproached him occasionally for surrounding himself with reactionary officers and officials and with sympathizing more and more with the right-wing parties. All Frenchmen, however, had to admit that he faithfully performed the duties of his position as prescribed by the constitution, and his exemplary private life of a good French husband and father was an assurance that he would never disgrace his high office. In appearance he was not impressive, but he carried himself with the erect posture resulting from his military training, and his dress was always correct in the extreme. His speeches were not original, but he studied them very carefully and delivered them with classical oratorical effect. Moreover, they were always appropriate to the particular unveiling of a monument, anniversary or other occasion and never contained anything which might give the slightest cause for offense. No one was better fitted to preside over cabinet meetings, at which decisions, previously arrived at by the inner council, were approved. The period of his incumbency covered such events as the Stavisky scandal, the Munich Pact and the final fall of France, but the supreme test of President Lebrun's abilities was the visit of the British King and Queen in the Summer of 1937 and his return visit, with Mme. Lebrun, to London the following year. Even faced with the rigid etiquette of the English court, M. Lebrun's brilliant correctness did not falter. In such crises, he was greatly aided by his modest, intelligent wife, though she was somewhat handicapped by the fact that the French constitution did not recognize her as having any official position.

THE last President of the Third Republic resigned quietly in a tragic hour and disappeared from the political scene along with the strange, ambiguous office which he held. For eight years he was, officially, the Guardian of the Constitution of France, but surely he cannot be held responsible for its destruction. He was always such a correct man.

SALAZAR OF PORTUGAL

By ERIC A. C. BALLARD

From the *Contemporary Review*, London Topical Monthly

NOW MORE than ever it is essential to Britain that Gibraltar remain inviolate—and the road to the Rock lies through Portugal. British military experts agree that Gibraltar is only to be defended from Portuguese bases, and before September 1939 were stating that in the event of war it would be necessary for us to seize and use these bases. Then there is America's interest in this little strip of neutral country to be considered. With Horta in the Azores the first stop on the *Yankee*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clipper's transatlantic route, it is essential to the United States that these islands continue to remain in friendly hands. The *Clipper's* success, moreover, has dragged into daylight the whole question of her vulnerability by air. It is obvious that the Lisbon-Horta-Funchal-Bisao quadrangle is of the utmost strategic importance to the United States, for her east coast and Panama could each be bombed from a base in this area. America's only safeguard, then, is the continuance of the present Anglo-Portuguese alliance.

How firm is our friendship with Portugal? The answer is reassuring. Portugal is our oldest ally: for 600 years the two countries have clasped hands. The English Cockburn family, moreover, owns some of the richest sections of the country and has what amounts to a strangle-hold on its foreign exchange. At the moment Franco's policy in Spain is one of neutrality, and, while this is so, Portugal can also keep out of the war, but should foreign influence bring about a change of front in the Peninsula, then Portugal would be compelled to declare for England. Fortunately, in Antonio de Oliviera Salazar, Portugal has a man whose qualities place him in the front rank of contemporary statesmen. Salazar is not a dictator in the meaning which the word has come to have in the last few years. He is a man without ambition. Self-glorification means nothing to him. He will not allow himself to be called President: he is just "The Minister"; nothing else—not even Prime Minister. In Portugal there is nothing comparable with Hitlerism. The people realize that behind the scenes there is a strong hand that has curbed the bolting horse of public expenditure and led the country back to prosperity, but they see their leader so very rarely that their feelings toward him are quite impersonal. And on his occasional public appearance there is nothing in the little gray man, who will not wear a uniform, to excite their emotions. He is not popular. He is above the mob. The people cannot understand him. Their minds cannot move along the cool unemotional channels that his follows.

BUT none of this troubles Salazar. He has no desire for power, nor could he derive pleasure from domination of the masses. He is quite indifferent to popularity and has even a certain contempt for his own power. He has no ambition but to benefit his country and no interest other than the welfare of its people. Peace, order, the economic redress of Portugal: these are the things for which he works.

Salazar's rise to power was purely circumstantial and did not follow any direct action on his part. To quote his own words, he accepted the responsibilities, the dangers and the crushing work that go with absolute power "because it was an experiment necessary to try for the good of the country." He is the son of a peasant and his feelings for his country remain deep-rooted in the soil that he loves. By his own efforts he rose to the professorship of economic science at Coimbra University, and it was from his abstract meditations that he was called to untangle the chaotic financial muddle that existed in Portugal after the military rising of 1926. On May 28, 1926, General Gomes da Costa stirred up the garrison at Braga and marched on Lisbon. Another general,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carmona, today the President of the Republic, joined him and together they seized the Government. They found that the Treasury was completely empty and at once called on Dr. Salazar for aid. Salazar answered the call. After two days spent in examining the state finances he gave his conclusions. The brave soldiers who were afraid of nothing wilted before his sternness and winced when faced with the cold facts with which he presented them. He returned to Coimbra, but, in 1928, Carmona realized that Portugal's economic structure was so frail and worthless that he recalled Salazar without further hesitation and yielded to his demand for full power over all that concerned the country's finances. It was a bitter blow to the international financiers who were gathered ready to pounce on the wounded country. Salazar dismissed them all and within two weeks money began to pour into the Treasury. Clear thinking and ruthless economy achieved this end, for Portugal has no natural wealth: no metal, no coal, few industries—her capital is the labor of her peasants and fishermen.

It soon became apparent to Salazar that Portugal's trouble lay deeper than had been imagined. Complete reorganization of the country was necessary. Gradually, without haste, without show or publicity, without desiring to do so, he absorbed each department of state until, in 1933, he became President of the Council. In that year he gave Portugal an entirely new constitution just as, five years before, he had given it a new financial base on which to stand. Today the National Assembly is not elected, but its members are chosen from the most competent men in the country and a corporative house has been formed of members proposed by the professional bodies.

Salazar the man does not exist: there is only Salazar the statesman. He is a slave to his work and spends most of his time shut up in his study. In eight years he went twice to the theater and twice to the cinema, and, in each case, one visit was official. But duty dictated his actions, for he loves the cinema. To be well-informed and also in the hope that he may find some permanent truth in the accounts of transitory events, he reads every newspaper he can. "All that reading," he says, "may be a vice, for what I learn from it does not make up for the time taken by it, but it confirms in me my ideas and brings me back to a prudent silence; if I had to speak every day I should soon have nothing left to say and would necessarily come to utter some stupidities." He lives simply on his salary as a minister, in a little furnished house. Its rooms are few and small and barely but neatly furnished. His own study is always kept shuttered, for his eyes are weak and he fears the light. There at his desk in quite commonplace surroundings he spends seven or eight hours every day. He eats little, sleeps badly, is unmarried, and as sternly frugal in the government of his household budget as he is with national finances. Indeed, except for the difference in fig-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ures, he runs his home much as he does the country, and his old servant, Marie, who keeps house for him, is as rigidly disciplined in expenditure as any departmental head. He lives on his income and makes Portugal live on hers. Every escudo saved from the State's expenditure takes form in his mind as a bit of a road, the wheel of a carriage, and so on. "Everything for the country and nothing against the country," is his motto.

Salazar has the face of a scholar—a face not made for laughter. It is lined with fatigue and the droop of his shoulders also tells its tale of overwork.

But he can laugh — and at himself if need be. In him the worn-out expression, "old-world courtesy," has real meaning: he is reserved and restrained in speech, but behind this cool front he is natural and perfectly at ease. He is a strange man, not in the least picturesque or stimulating. His thoughts move deeply in a settled mind. He knows men, understands them, works for them, yet at the same time has little of what we call affection for them. He has no feeling of race or imperialism, yet his love for his country is the driving power behind him. Serving Portugal is his sole preoccupation. He is modest, but his great critical faculties force him to a realization of his own indispensability. Were he not convinced that Portugal needs him he would return to his farm or his university chair. Even the purely intellectual pleasure that such a mind as his must derive from its efforts to solve the complicated problems of social economy and evolution would not hold him.

TO WHOM can he be compared? Perhaps to the tall figure of Ignatius de Loyola who worked for God with the same grim and unswerving devotion that Salazar gives to his work for man. He once said, when speaking of his work, "I coldly do my duty." In those words Salazar lives. He coldly does his duty. At a time when the world is rocking with the volcanic upheaval brought about by men who hotly follow the dictates of vanity, greed for power, and the lust of personal ambition, it is reassuring to feel that in one of Europe's danger spots there is in control a man who can be relied upon to continue coldly doing his duty towards his country and toward humanity.

THE TRIUMPHANT HERR ABETZ

By ALBERT MILLER

IT IS fitting that Heinrich Otto Abetz returns in triumph as German Ambassador to France, the country which he did his best to help debauch until he was expelled from it a little more than a year ago.

The general public knew little of Abetz' activities until a brief official notice appeared in *Le Temps* of July 2, 1939, that an unnamed foreign agent had been requested to leave the country. The following day, the rightist deputy and journalist, Henri de Kerillis, divulged the identity in his paper, *L'Epoque*, and described Abetz' activities in detail. His attack

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PALO ALTO
PUBLIC LIBRARY
READING ROOM

was supported by Lucien Sampaix of the Communist *L'Humanité*, which at that time was still anti-Nazi. Abetz brought suit for libel against de Kerillis and his paper but was not allowed to return to France to prosecute it. Unfortunately, the Daladier Government's firmness was belated.

Abetz was one of the group of Nazi diplomats who were sent to France and England as much as anything to fortify Hitler's longing for action. It was their duty to tell Hitler what he wanted to hear, that the time for war had arrived, as the French and British people were unwilling to oppose Germany—and to make it come true so far as possible.

Abetz was ideally suited to head Hitler's confidential "information service" in Paris. the French found him *un homme charmant*. One of his favorite bon mots was, "My better half is French." This French wife, as well as some of his most valuable political and literary contacts, were holdovers from his pre-Nazi days when he was a pacifist with a vague belief that all peoples, particularly the German and French, should live together in harmony. In fact, Abetz (who started life as a rather timid young drawing teacher) has run the whole gamut of political convictions, from the German Democratic party of the Weimar Republic to his present extreme nazism. Abetz was drawn into the ranks of the Nazis by von Ribbentrop in 1932 and after Hitler's rise to power became one of the leaders of the *Aussenpolitische Amt*, von Ribbentrop's private foreign office. His mission in France, however, was carried out with greater tact than his master's as Ambassador to Great Britain.

It was his job in Paris to continue to work for German-French "harmony" but for different ends. He became the moving spirit of the "Comité France-Allemagne" which was to combat harmful "false reports" by establishing relations with the press. For this purpose, Abetz always had plenty of money at his disposal. This was not always needed, however, for often promises and honors could be substituted for direct subvention. For instance, Pierre Benoit, the novelist, scenario writer and Academician, had not been having the success he felt he deserved. Abetz obligingly aided him in disposing of his works in Germany and even had him made honorary president of a German cultural convention. Another such protegé was Sacha Guitry, who found that the works which he sold to Germany were always promptly paid for. The aged novelist, Henry Bordeaux, also a member of the French Academy, was another who was approached with offers to purchase German rights of his books. These translations were not always made, but they were promptly paid for in any case, and the eminent men of letters were made to feel that they were even better appreciated in Germany than at home.

The same tactics were used in other fields. Industrialists were promised participation in lucrative new enterprises. People who liked to hear themselves talk were promised profitable lecture tours through Germany. According to Emile Buré of *L'Ordre*, Abetz also directed the publicity of the so-called German Tourist Bureaus which served as propaganda agencies for the Nazi "Strength Through Joy" organization.

Abetz was also involved in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arrest of Loys Aubin, an editor of *Le Temps*, and of Jules Poirier, a member of the advertising staff of *Figaro*, who were accused of having been enlisted by Nazi agents to spread pro-German propaganda and undermine French morale. One of the immediate tasks of these two men was to acquire the film and theater enterprise, Pathé-Natan, which was in financial difficulties. Through this firm, pro-Nazi films were to be distributed. According to *Figaro*, Aubin received 1,000,000 and Poirier 3,500,000 francs. No direct connection between them and Abetz was proved publicly, but he was generally supposed to be the man who dispensed the money.

The reluctance of the Daladier Government to release any details about Abetz' expulsion added to the confusion of rumors about his activities. A month and a half later, Emile Buré of *L'Ordre* was still demanding that the facts be published. Buré suggested that Abetz' anxiety to return to France to prosecute his suit against de Kerillis was in the hope of creating a *cause célèbre* in which he would be supported by certain newspapers which were exploiting a program of French anti-Semitism to Hitler's advantage.

MEANWHILE, the French Government itself took the Communist Sampaix to court on the charge of divulging more information than was proper about the investigation into German propaganda funds. Sampaix defended himself by citing de Kerillis' articles and was acquitted. To many it seemed that the trial was really of Foreign Minister Georges Bonnet. Certainly, it was highly embarrassing to him, for a number of those involved were very close to him.

L'Humanité made much of a statement Abetz was said to have made during a visit to Berlin before his expulsion from France, that *L'Oeuvre* was to publish a sensational article by Marcel Déat of the *Croix de Feu*, a friend of the French Fascist leader, Col. Français de la Rocque. A few days later, the article appeared under the heading, *Non, pas pour Dantzig! (We Won't Die for Dantzig!)* Déat promptly denied any connection with Abetz.

De Kerillis' indignation was directed as much against the silence of the "patriotic" French newspapers as against Abetz. The basis of the suit against him was the specific charge that Abetz had dispensed money to the French press. The German Ambassador himself tried to persuade Bonnet to grant Abetz a visa to return for the trial but without success. Among the prominent Frenchmen who seconded his effort was the Mayor of Versailles, Gaston Henri-Hayes, recently appointed by the Pétain Government as Ambassador to the United States. (According to *L'Humanité*, Abetz lunched with him the day before he left Paris). Ludwig Lore, foreign-affairs commentator of the New York *Post*, recently wondered in print how a man presumably so friendly with Abetz could be personna grata to the American State Department.

Meanwhile, Abetz gave an interview to the newspaper, *Libre Belgique*, of Brussels, in which he said that he intended to return to Paris soon to take up his "work" again. He has done so.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But an American Army officer offers some realistic advice for defense

Blitzkrieg Is Not Infallible

By BRIG.-GEN. HENRY J. REILLY, U.S.A.

From the *Illustrated London News*

CAN blitzkrieg be stopped? The dreadful recent past during which Holland, Belgium and France went down before German blitzkrieg, makes this the dominant question of the hour. Having watched the Germans and Italians give birth to blitzkrieg on the battlefields of the Spanish Civil War, I am inclined to believe it can. While there, I talked to numerous Italian, German and Spanish officers of all ranks, including aviators, as to why they followed each step of the technique I saw them develop.

Later, in Rome, I talked over the details of the reorganization and rearmament of the Italian Army based on this technique. In Albania I saw the aftermath of this Italian blitzkrieg with "light troops," I talked to a number of participants and eyewitnesses. It was particularly interesting because the invaders had to cross a sea, the Adriatic, and overrun a highly mountainous country with few roads. Both driving around by motor and flying in from Rome and out to Salonika gave me an excellent idea of the country.

Later, when Norway was invaded, to one who had sailed through the Kattegat and Skagerrak and done some motoring in Norway, it was evident that the Germans had profited by the Italian Albanian experience.

Talking with various eye-witnesses of the blitzkrieg in Poland, and discussing the details of each of the blitzkrieg campaigns with competent officers of various nationalities has also served to emphasize just what the essentials of blitzkrieg are. Successful resistance necessarily means preventing the Germans from practicing these essentials. After all, blitzkrieg is simply an adaptation of man's latest inventions, all children of the internal combustion engine, aeroplane, mechanized troops and armament, and motorized troops, to a well-known military principle: *fire and movement.*

The soldiers of Europe first suffered from being unprepared, despite

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their great courage, to meet *fire and movement* when the Mongols successfully invaded Europe. The Mongols rained their arrows "from the sky" on the Europeans; then made mounted charges on the gaps and confusion this fire had created. Today the German aviation attacks from the air with bombs and machine guns, then the armored force moves in. This is the first step in blitzkrieg. It is *fire and movement*, but the armored mechanized forces, through their cannon and machine guns, produce fire as well as movement.

To sum up aviation and mechanization, the first step in waging blitzkrieg is *fire in movement*. The old military maxim that "the answer to fire is more fire," applies here. But it must be fire that *stops* the movement.

Let us take each phase of the first step in blitzkrieg and analyze it to find the way to stop it. Then we can do the same with the second step, which consists of backing the first with infantry and artillery.

—*Punch*, London

AS THE German planes lead the attack, the first problem is to stop them. If the air force of the defender were superior to that of the Germans, then an overwhelming attack on the German airfields would go a long way toward producing this result. Failing that, fire from the ground must be primarily relied upon. In nearly all armies the anti-aircraft guns lack sufficient range, big enough bursting charges, flat enough trajectories, while the time of flight is too long. Also, what is of the greatest importance, the range-finding, sight and fuse-setting apparatus takes too long to operate, and is too open to errors by members of the gun crew when under the excitement of action. In Spain, the Germans found this to be true of their 77-mm. anti-aircraft gun. Therefore, they soon produced a new one, the 88-mm., in which all these defects had been corrected.

The *automatic, continuous* correcting of sighting and fuse-setting apparatus by a range-finding party some distance from the battery in a position from which they had a good view of the target, was a striking feature. Another very, very important feature was that these guns were dual purpose ones; that is, they could and did fire on targets on the ground as well as in the sky. With their long ranges they could reach roads well in the enemy's rear and force deployment of troops on them long before it would ordinarily happen. Hence, they were a first-class enemy of tanks and other mechanized forces, which keep to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

roads as long as possible. They were, furthermore, field guns possessing considerable mobility. On several occasions the author saw them, when bracketed by enemy shell-fire, go out of battery and move to another position.

Similarly, in practically all armies the anti-tank guns have too short a range and too small a shell, with an insufficient bursting charge. Spanish, Italians and Germans in Spain always insisted that this was true of the 37-mm. and calibers around it. The Russian armored tank, with a 47-mm. gun, simply stayed out of range of the 37-mm., with its crew unprotected by armor, put it out of action and then came forward. All information since the present war began, confirms this.

The Spanish, Italians and Germans in Spain insisted that the best anti-tank weapon they had was the 65-mm. mountain gun, of which each infantry regiment had a battery of nine. The Italians have since increased the caliber of their infantry mountain guns to 75 mm. The ordinary field gun is too big a target to reach and continue to fire from the positions into which mountain guns can get and fire effectively.

But blitzkrieg does not owe its success to aviation and mechanized troops alone, but to the powerful backing given these by masses of infantry supported by an amount of artillery far beyond the proportion seen before in battle. Therefore, adequate defense against it must include the infantry and artillery needed to stop their assault.

SUMMING up, the following seem essential, besides the means described above: (1) That the mission of the aviation of the defense be limited to what might be called artillery and machine-gun battlefield mission, all distant raids being limited to the time when no battle is taking place. (2) That cannon-carrying planes be provided in the largest possible numbers, as machine guns are not effective against many of the targets met with. In Poland the German "destroyer" plane, carrying two 20-mm. cannon, four machine guns in one battery at the nose and one flexible machine gun at the tail, proved the most effective battle-mission plane. (3) Mechanized divisions, stronger in every element of combat than the German armored divisions with their reconnaissance, shock and ground-holding echelons. (4) Armored tanks carrying cannon to be distributed amongst the infantry making an assault, and thus furnish it an accompanying artillery immediately available and certain to know the targets the infantry wants fired upon. Large numbers of light mortars taken to the assault by the infantry. (5) Aviation: Heavy bombers which bomb the enemy position as the artillery preparatory fire terminates. Attack aeroplanes to dive-bomb and machine-gun the enemy position as the tanks and infantry close in. (6) A plan of battle divided into two parts: (*a*) The defensive, in which the artillery is used not only to fire on the enemy's aviation, but even more on the approaching armored divisions, forcing their deployment and delaying their assault so that it cannot synchronize with the aviation assault; that is, dislocate the enemy's attack; and then do the same for the main attack made by the enemy's infantry. (*b*) A counter-attack with everything available, including aviation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Being an account of the collapse of Havas in 'brutal' North America

Burial of a News Agency

By ARTHUR REARDON

THE WEIRD life and odd times of the French Havas Agency in the United States comprise one of those monstrous newspaper anecdotes that must be preserved, if only as a warning to those young men and women who believe there is something eminently satisfying to the soul in the vineyards of journalism. By way of preface, it should be remarked that the Havas Agency of Paris, until recently the largest press association in the world, has just been devoured by the Deutches Nachrichtenburo (the D.N.B.). One of the first moves of the Havas directors in Paris, when the Nazis moved into the capital, was to discharge the perspiring staff of Americans, in the New York offices in Rockefeller Center, engaged in writing or rewriting the French cable and wireless copy for its clients in this country. (That brutish act has embroiled the semi-official agency in a suit with the Newspaper Guild, but it may be supposed that, for the present at least, the Vichy régime has headaches more preoccupying than the majesty of American law.)

It is with some of the tribulations of these Americans, laboring for Havas in the course of the six years it devoted to establishing itself in the United States, that this biographic essay is concerned.

Now, a New York newspaper office, and particularly the news rooms of a press association in that city, is a bit of existence unlike anything this side of hell. Of those wretches working in it, it demands, for survival, a rare combination of masochism, schizophrenia, and a chronic state of the vapors. Multiply this by 3.66 and you have, approximately, the human requisites that were needed to work with *l'Agence Havas* in New York.

It should be explained that in 1934 the directors of Havas determined to sell their world-wide news service to American newspapers. This was a somewhat reckless undertaking because most daily newspapers here are served by the Associated Press, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United Press, or the International News Service (or by all three); and there are no faster nor, on the whole, more accurate news agencies in the world than those devised by American newspapermen. Nevertheless, Havas reasoned that since it was selling its news reports elsewhere in the world, why not in the United States? Don't the Americans buy our perfumes, frocks, aperitifs and postcard views of ladies of flexible virtue. Obviously, then, they'll buy our news.

AND so it seemed at first. The New York *Times* and the New York *Post*—and later, indeed, the tabloid New York *Daily News*—all gave it a trial. Briefly, the mechanics were these: Havas' world-wide news was pooled in Paris and relayed to New York, in French, on about an eighteen-hour basis around the clock. In New York it was simultaneously translated and rewritten (at top speed) into some approximation of American journalese, than which style none in any language is more logical or economical. It was then channeled to American clients in the usual way, by teletype. The competition is atrocious in this appalling way of earning a living, and American newspaper editors are often "sold" because one press association is, on some major news break, so little as twenty seconds ahead of another, with a bulletin or flash.

One more explanatory note: the genius of the French journalistic style, and that includes the foreign correspondence of the modern Gauls, lies in the infinite care exercised by its practitioners in embalming or, if possible, forgetting the news entirely—at the best, anyway, in treating it as a dispensable footnote. This school, or cult, is in diametric opposition to the news technique of the Americans who, an unsubtle people, like their news rare and factual. This basic difference in viewpoint was the genesis of office mayhem, nervous breakdowns and, believe it or not, sudden death.

As the initial guiding hand of this formidable news service in North America, Havas sent to New York a poet and litterateur who proved to be an utter babe-in-the-woods. His first problem, solved very readily through the Alliance Française in New York —an association of American adults and juveniles interested in learning how to say, in French, will-you-pass-me-the-pen-of-my-uncle's-mistress? — was to find some seven or eight Americans whose knowledge of the tongue extended at least a few verbs beyond the regular conjugations. It made no difference to this poet-*directeur* of Havas that this original staff had no knowledge of, first, American press-association style or, second, of what our public will read. He had his orders from Paris: the burden of these were that nothing must be "adapted" in translation and, generally, that in the field of international news nothing is scriptural that does not flow from the fountain head of Havas. This was fair enough where Havas cables dealt with official French matters, since Havas in recent years enjoyed an annual subsidy of some half-million dollars from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; its editors and correspondents might be expected to know whereof they wrote when they wrote French politics. But when it came to more earthy matters than French government affairs—the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wally Simpson-Edward VIII world-shaker, for example—Havas had to compete with every other world-wide agency. It had no inside track, and as a rule was no better than it should be. A cesspool of grief, however, was the *cause célèbre* involving the King of England and Mrs. Simpson, certainly the biggest story of that year. Month after month Havas haughtily ignored this ripening contretemps, for fear of offending the British Government. When American clients of Havas bawled complaints over the wires that Havas was carrying nothing on that eminently fruity news story, the laconic answer of the poet-*directeur* was that, so far as he knew officially, the royal love affair was a *canard* cooked up by American correspondents in London.

IN time, the poet-*directeur* realized that his staff of jejeune purists would have to be scrapped, if Havas was to retain such philistinic clients as the New York *Times*, the New York *Daily News*, the Philadelphia *Record* and the Canadian Press, all of whom seemed to have a vulgar interest in the unadorned fact. With a wrench this unhappy Paris journalist recognized that American cable editors found something radically screwy when a Havas story dealing, say, with the theft of a painting from the Louvre, began with such a compelling phrase as, "Dawn broke sorrowfully over the capital of France today . . ." and disclosed, two thousand words later, that an Italian kinsman of Al Capone had filched a Corot from that museum. The American news style was *brutale* to the poet-*directeur*, who preferred the what-where-when of a given story to occur at its end, as a sort of triumphant Q.E.D. But he capitulated, at last, and supplanted most of the original staff with American newspapermen who had worked in Paris. These were harder to find than you might suppose, at least at Havas wages, but in time he found them, bibulous and otherwise.

This accomplished, the poet-*directeur* suddenly expired in New York of a broken heart. The conflict between the crisp American style of writing a simple news fact, and the Gallic school of composing a critique on *surréalisme* before disclosing that the President of the French Republic, in morning coat and top hat, had stumbled into an open sewer, for example—this contrast was too much for his gentle spirit.

His successor was a shock even to a staff that was well conditioned for the worst. He was a short and stocky gentleman, without a word of English but invariably with a monocle, who was headed for advanced DT's long before he arrived in New York from Paris. Somewhat oddly, for a Frenchman, he was an assiduous dipsomaniac. Each morning he shook hands punctiliously with all the day staff, and from this French gesture he could not be dissuaded even when asked, pointedly, "Oh, you're going away?" The handshaking routine each day was sometimes followed by an office conference, with all American hands on deck, and at which said hands were informed by this monocled terror that they were "ignorant and uncultivated." The uncultivated staff considered this an exceedingly comical performance, as hangovers go, until it almost became a morning ritual, to be topped off by the firing of one or two men; as the fumes of the night-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before Scotch wore off, in the late afternoon, the discharged men would be rounded up in the neighborhood wine shops where they were drowning their woes with their severance pay, and rehired, sometimes at a boost in salary. For the Havas Agency at home, such eccentricities added up to a good deal of cash, particularly when American dollars were translated into francs and centimes. The dismay of the Paris directors was not lessened by the fact that their American newspaper clients never published any of the prolix reviews of art expositions or descriptions of French scenery, cabled expensively across the Atlantic; or, for that matter, published little of anything else Havas sent. But doggedly they maintained their North American service. Paris merely countered with an executive order (sent by cable) directed at the New York staff, by the terms of which pencils were to be strictly rationed by the paymaster, and a pay-telephone installed for personal calls by the staff.

For *Directeur* No. 2, the end came shortly after he had staged an elaborate brawl for the office at the Ritz-Carlton, apparently as a gesture of appeasement. Early one morning thereafter, the constabulary on Park Avenue found him strolling in something considerably below par, in the way of attire, and invited him to call in with them at the psychiatric ward of Bellevue Hospital. He was summoned back to Paris, and then lost to sight.

The next *directeur pour le service Nord Amerique* was only slightly more of a professional. When the American staff begged that Paris be made to understand, for example, that editors over here demanded first names of all individuals in a news story, he devised an elaborate primer for the Paris end of the American service, dispatched it across the Atlantic, and beamed at his American colleagues. Hopefully, the staff awaited improvements—sufficient, at least, to make some order of Havas copy, as well as something that could be sold to newspapers. A week later it was plain that these instructions had been digested with care at the other end, for the day's first cable described, at costly length, a meeting of Americans in Paris "to honor *George* Washington, hero of the American War of Independence." No room for complaint there. But this one effort at clear identification apparently exhausted the Paris staff; twenty-four hours later they were cabling stories about "Monsieur Lamoureux" and "Madame Benôit," and thus forcing the New York staff to invent given names. In the case of cabinet minis-

—*Le Jour*, Montreal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ters and even lesser fry, this was embarrassing and sometimes dangerous.

The "American desk," as the uncultivated in Havas were known collectively, suffered profoundly over certain political oddities in Havas cable copy. Because the agency was "semi-official," its Paris editors were exceedingly cautious in reference to potential enemies or friends. "Dictator" could not be applied to Mussolini, for example, until France had joined in the farcical "sanctions" imposed by the League of Nations upon Italy, in 1935, when the Duce moved into Ethiopia. American editors wearied of this elaborate circumspection, and it did not tend to increase confidence over here in the objectiveness and reliability of Havas dispatches. "Dictator" also was taboo coupled to the name of the Führer, although it was plain enough that the French Government opposed and feared the authoritarian policies of both Hitler and Mussolini. To Havas, the German Chancellor did not become a dictator, in bald print, until the 1938 crisis in Munich.

IN retrospect, there was something prophetic in this equivocal prudence of Havas editors at the cableheads in Paris. They closed their eyes, as did many French politicians and generals, to the fact and to the effects of the dictatorships. Not long before the debacle, one of the American rewrite men suffered a reprimand (from *Directeur* No. 5) that was symptomatic. This fertile hack had only slightly embroidered a Havas dispatch quoting Premier Molotov of the Soviet Union as announcing officially the training of parachute troops. To this cable he had added facts long since published —and illustrated—in American newspapers. Summoned to the office of the *chef du cabinet*, he found him in a state of near-hysteria.

"Much as it pains me to say it, and it pains me here," he scolded, placing both hands on his stomach, "I shall be compelled to discharge you if you ever write such nonsense again."

Eventually, all the American staff of Havas in New York were to lose their jobs because parachute troops, together with other factors (i.e., dictatorships) which French editors regarded skeptically, were responsible for Germany's lightning descent upon the Netherlands, Belgium and France.

Aside from such evasions in Havas copy, there were other occurrences in the New York offices that had a prescient cast. As early as 1938, one of the Paris executives came to New York to discuss a Guild contract covering salaries and working conditions. A committee representing the "American desk" at Havas waited upon the emissary.

He had a valid objection against granting a new contract, he remarked, because the *Service pour Amerique du Nord*, never a money-maker, might at some future time be discontinued. This provoked a demand from the Guild committee that, if this were so, severance or dismissal compensation be increased substantially.

"But *messieurs*," he protested, shrugging his shoulders and raising palms to heaven, "you need not concern yourselves with the likelihood of any such discontinuance in the service. I was speaking only theoretically. I meant only that in case a dictatorship should be established in France, or if, for example, the German news agency

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should get control of Havas, we could not continue the service here."

A minute later one of the teletype operators, clutching a bottle of Coca Cola, chose that unpropitious moment to ask the American desk for a straw.

"If we had a straw," he was told, "we'd cling to it."

In the same hour, a Frenchman on the staff asked one of the Americans for a knife to exercise on food he had ordered sent in. "Look in my back," his confrère suggested.

With the advent of war, it might have been supposed that the Havas News Agency would take on a new lease of life. The only new lease it assumed, somewhat inexplicably, was for unnecessarily luxurious offices in the Associated Press Building in Rockefeller Center. The Washington *Times-Herald* subscribed to the service, but the other clients had long since wearied of the Havas style of reporting a Balkan riot, or one of Hitler's annexations, in the language of political philosophy. By and large, most of the Havas report each day and night was as lifeless and lacking in details of human interest as a thesis for a doctorate.

The fact was, so far as Havas and the war were concerned, that, rather than enjoying particular advantages, its correspondents and cable editors were greatly handicapped by Hitler. Paris editors were hesitant to cable or wireless military details, even when these had been reported hours before by the American agencies; other Paris editors and, unfortunately, they were the few efficient ones, were trying to stem the tide at Sedan. Havas correspondents were, of course, ejected at once from Germany last Fall, and, thereafter, from the Netherlands and Belgium. When the Government fled to Tours, and thereafter to Bordeaux, the service from France ceased altogether.

As best they could, the Americans and Frenchmen here padded out the service with material purchased or purloined from the broadcasting companies—if there no longer were North American clients, the Latin-American and Far Eastern subscribers still expected something for their money, even descriptions of "sorrowful dawns" over Paris.

The end was not signalled last June by any flash from Bordeaux of the capitulation. It was denoted merely by an end to salaries (provoking the Newspaper Guild to impound some $14,000 of Havas funds in New York. Eventually, all were paid.)

Most of the French staff, certain that the Reynaud Government would fight on from North Africa, were severely critical of Marshal Pétain. Two of them cabled their allegiance to General Charles de Gaulle at London—and then melodramatically "resigned" from non-existent jobs. The Americans scattered to make the rounds of already over-staffed newspapers in New York.

THUS the end of Havas, a world-wide press association more than a century old. Most of its bureaus in both hemispheres have already been pre-empted by the Nazi Deutsches Nachrichtenburo. Late in August a Vichy communiqué announced that "the editorial department of the Havas Agency will be taken over by the [corporative] State. After this, the Havas Agency will be given another name."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Haya de la Torre demands a strong union of Indo-Americans

Latin America Fears Invasion

By RAOUL HAYA DE LA TORRE

Translated From *Repertorio Americano*, Costa Rican Leftist Monthly

(Editor's Note: Victor Raoul Haya de la Torre founded the entirely indigenous South American movement, Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana, *which partly claims spiritual descent from Simon Bolivar, the hero of Latin-American independence from Spain. Usually known by its initials, "Apra," its followers are called* Apristas. *Himself of the white Peruvian aristocracy and brought up in an English home, Haya de la Torre, a writer and journalist of great originality, has for many years been propagating the idea of a federation of Latin-American countries into a Latin-American United States, which he prefers to call Indo-American, because of the high proportion of Indian blood in Latin America. The program of Apra includes return of the land to the Indians, who should cultivate it either individually or in co-operative Indian communities similar to the Mexican* ejidos, *the fostering of Indian handicraft, democratic social reforms, etc. Apra has remained [illegible] influenced by either Marxism or [illegible] but has always opposed [illegible] "American imperialism," par[illegible] of the "big stick" variety. Although strongest in Peru, it has considerable influence throughout South America. When de la Torre polled a majority in the presidential elections in Peru in 1936, the then president, General Oscar R. Benavides, declared the election void and proclaimed himself president for another term. De la Torre's recent change of attitude toward co-operation with the United States has attracted general attention in circles interested in Latin-American affairs.)*

THE European war, with its extraordinary complications and consequences, has given new meanings to certain words. One of these, the most repeated and debated, is neutrality. Viewing this conception in the light of present events,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is difficult to affirm that there are really neutral men or nations even in the non-belligerent world.

The present struggle is a true world war, not a conflict of economic empires, of purely mercantile rivalry, like the "World" War of 1914. It is motivated by a fanatic philosophy, a creed which destroys in the name of divinity. Such a war has a universalism which is bound to change the whole course of history. It concerns us Latin Americans as it does the rest of the world. If this were merely an economic war, an imperialist struggle, it would be, as some believe, only a question of selling to the Germans instead of the English, of buying from the Italians instead of the

[illegible]

are [illegible] Germans are triumphant German they will march on Amer- and o[illegible]cording to the usual Nazi relate—attack at the weakest spot. With [illegible]ttack a strong nation, Sp[illegible] a springboard, and those [illegible]nds have always been the we hold [illegible]o felt secure in their [illegible] neutrality. Against us—cially the Indo-Americans—naz- will have three powerful arguments: our weakness, and "the weak must perish"; our racial majorities Indian and Mestizo, and "only Aryans are a superior race"; our immense natural riches in a [illegible]ly thinly populated continent. [illegible]e brutal fanaticism of the sma[illegible] co[illegible] of the sixteenth century, proclaim[illegible]sh and destroy everything espe[illegible]ear and sacred.

isran we be neutral?

No time should be lost in creating a powerful defense of our peoples through an Indo-American union as the first step and by an anti-totalitarian alliance with the United States as the second step. This should be our definition of "neutrality."

MANY years ago, we Apristas proclaimed as the chief ideal of political activity on the Indo-American Continent, the unity of all our peoples. When the Aprista movement was active in Peru alone, it raised its Bolívarian banner with resurgent faith. A whole nation greeted the ideal of Indo-American unity with the same enthusiasm with which our forefathers greeted the triumphal passage of the armies of the Liberator of the Continent [Bolívar] and his return to Ayacucho.

We Apristas have never swerved from our road. Not Russia nor Spain, nor Berlin nor Rome, have modified our clear and straightforward line of action—to prepare the road for Indo-American solidarity. We believed this was a sufficient task for any generation and glorious enough to fulfill the dream of Bolívar. There was no time to lose in dispersing our energies and our allegiances for either Russia or Spain. That is why we often seemed indifferent to the fascistization of Europe. We believed it was necessary to shake ourselves free of any mental vassalage, whether of the left or the right. We believed that we could obtain social justice for ourselves without asking advice from any European master, be he Stalin or Hitler, Franco or Mussolini. We believed that we had to give our thoughts exclusively to the destiny of a rich and defenseless continent dangerously divided by short-sighted politicians, apostates of Bolívar and settlers from Europe.

Today, the march of history has brought us a twofold danger. Our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

common sovereignty is endangered from two sides unless we *first* unite all Indo-Americans. If totalitarianism is victorious, we will be only one step away from Africa, which will be under Nazi control, and we will share the fate of Belgium and Holland. If the Nazis are stopped, we run the great risk of an increased submission to North American control, with the present Good Neighbor policy entirely changed when politicians of imperialist tendencies again come to power.

The only road to security between these two dangers is the aforementioned Indo-American Union. This will make our defense in case of European aggression much stronger, will make our alliance with the United States more secure. And we must not forget that it will be necessary to unite in Indo-America against any kind of imperialism — European, Asiatic or inter-American, black or red—whatever disguise it may choose to wear, such as the dangerous Hispano-Americanism of Franco which still attempts to influence us in the name of the sentimentalism of the past.

We should not forget that the first step toward social justice is the progressive nationalization of our natural riches. Next, the Aprista idea of the inter-Americanization of the Panama Canal is not Utopian. By the inter-Americanization of Panama, so that all of us own what we are asked to defend, we will have a living guarantee against Northern imperialism. We will have a pawn, and the antiquated and anachronistic Pan-Americanism of Mr. Rowe and Company [Leo S. Rowe, director general of the Pan-American Union], leading to a cunning and bureaucratic colonization of Indo-America, will be replaced by an equal and balanced alliance—bilateral in extent and dignity—between the United States of Indo-America and the United States of North America.

I repeat what I have been saying for many years. Let us work for the Union of Indo-America, under this anti-colonial name which is our own. Let us work for the realization of the vision of Bolívar, and let the youngest and freshest be the depositories of this idea which demands enthusiasm and, above all, tenacity.

LET US emancipate ourselves from Russophile, Germanophile, Hispanophile or Italophile European romanticism. "Let the dead past bu[ry] its dead," and let us think fe[r] selves. As we have so many [se]fortunes of our own, let us [n]suffering for those of Europe. [Be]feel that we are sons of the [o]d, Indo-American Fatherland, [ta]upon ourselves the tremend[ous] of uniting it and making it Man-

In taking over this mission, [we] consider a fact of grave importance which is the fault of our government our politicians, our educators, journalists: namely, our lack knowledge of each other. Only a [fe]weeks ago in a leading Buenos [Ai]us daily [*La Nación*], a Central Am[er]ican writer complained about t[he] ing plorable ignorance of the uneduc[at]ask or even of people of average tion, concerning his country. [*Mu*st *tural' Note on the Americas*, by uel Antonio Valle, *The Living Age*, September 1940.] And his comments reminded me of how, travelling through the small republics of Central America, I had an opportunity to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PALO ALTO
PUBLIC LIBRARY
READING ROOM

notice how little knowledge of their brother nations I found there among people of certain social strata, by no means the lowest.

And this is a general evil, the result of our mental colonialism. We are fascinated by Europe and contemptuous of everything that is our own. It is, for example, much more probable that a young Indo-American may know where Dieppe or Lake Balaton is than the city of Quezaltenango or Lake Chalapa on his own continent. He is doubtless better informed about the ruins of Egypt than about those of Chitchen-Itza or Chan-Chan, and he will certainly not know how many cities there are in Indo-America with the name of Trujillo, Córdoba, Santiago or San Pedro.

The history of Indo-America is badly taught in our schools, lyceums and colleges. An absurd separatist nationalism stimulates contempt for other peoples who are our neighbors and brothers. No systematic attempt has been made to get our youth together in groups of students and workers. In even our largest newspapers, news about our sister nations and our continent is always relegated to isolated, insignificant items.

We have become accustomed to considering all our countries as separate islands, as primitive and remote islands. But even the insular English have more of a continental feeling than have our compatriots, and a Briton—with what anguish he comprehends it now!—knows that the frontiers of his country are far beyond the sea. But here, save in the garrulous literature of "Americanist" after-dinner speeches or when some more or less remote information is given over the radio, the spirit of continental union is neither strengthened nor encouraged.

In politics—a broad field for a vast work of continental mutual penetration—the aspect of narrow and chauvinistic nationalism has been most outstanding and detrimental. Leftist and rightist parties have existed for many years, both ignoring other countries and the vast continental entity. For some this was because of ignorance and a desire to imitate Europe, to whose fluctuations they were attentive. For others it was from jealousy or envy, the jingoism of the Old World which is of such profit to mediocre politicians. But our politicians, particularly those of the generation preceding our own, were renegades of Bolívarism. They were vassals of M. Chauvin: obsequious imitators on the native stage of all that Europe taught.

The first steps for an effective continental solidarity must be taken in the press, in the schools and in the parties. Every daily newspaper or magazine, be it large or small, should propagandize with instruction about other Indo-American countries. Maps, plans, photographs, articles, short but informative, should be published about the countries of our continent. Our children should be taught thoroughly the history of the twenty sister countries of our Great Nation. And all parties should be imbued with a profound and tenacious Indo-American spirit.

A NATIONAL policy without a continental spirit will never be an Indo-American policy. And we need it urgently for the defense and security of all of us in this hour when continents divided like ours must unite or perish.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Straws in the Wind

Well, His Mother Did

It has been known that for some time certain members of the church have felt disquiet concerning what they regarded as the pacifist views of the curate. Much comment followed Mr. ——'s observation in his sermon at Evensong on the national day of prayer that, "God even loves Hitler." The theme of the sermon was that God is love.

—*Surrey Comet*, England

Prohibition Will Come Next

France is becoming distressingly moral under the authoritarian régime of Pétain and Laval. Vichy has decreed no more decolleté bathing suits or beach pajamas for women, and men hereafter must wear more than shorts on the beaches.

—Dispatch in *Argentinisches Tageblatt*, Buenos Aires

Most Apropos, We'd Say

Following the Nazi atrocities on land and sea and from the air, many people now regret that, in a pious mood, the churches banned from the hymnaries one of the most vigorous verses of *God Save the King*:

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies
And make them fall;
Confound their politics
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On that our hearts we fix,
God save us all.

—*English Digest*, London

Husbandless Hives

If it is stuck to having one wife each in this country there will be hives of husbandless women whose uncheckable immoral lives in order to make two ends meet may make things in this country turn from worse to worst.

—Letter to the Editor, *Comet*, Nigeria

It's in the Bag, Then

A plainly discernible letter B on the reverse side of leaves of corn is regarded by people in the North of Ireland as a good omen for a British victory in the war. This phenomenon last appeared, it is stated, in 1918, when the Allies won the war which had lasted from 1914.

—*Isle of Man Times*

The Military Lexicographers

Canada, among its many services to the Commonwealth and mankind, has enriched the English language with a new word—unless, indeed, I am behind the times in not having encountered "embus" before. You see, of course, what it means. I came across it under a picture of Canadian soldiers and three motor-buses. The soldiers were in process of embussing for somewhere or other. No doubt when they got there they debussed, just as on board ship you embunk and then debunk. (Or if you don't, why don't you?)

—*Spectator*, London

Cure for Insomnia

He: I wonder if Hitler gets any sleep these nights?

She: He should. He's got 80,000,000 sheep to count!

—*Sunday Chronicle*, London

The Angels Halt Invasion

Great Britain today was the modern development of ancient Israel and the angels were watching over them.

Their history pointed to the fact that they were Israel, to whom the Lord once said, "I shall curse them that curse thee." No nation got away with it after Britain had been cursed. Philip of Spain cursed Britain, and so had Napoleon, the Kaiser, Hitler and Göring. Yet people still asked, "Will Britain be invaded?"

—William Whitton, quoted in the *Midland Daily Tribune*, England

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Receipt Herewith

Due to the difficulties arising from the British illegal robbery of mails, the editor would appreciate it if his readers would be kind enough to acknowledge to him from time to time the receipt of *News From Germany* and its supplements, giving the numbers of the editions which have arrived. Mark mail: "Via Japan-Siberia."—The Editor.

—Notice in *News From Germany*

Yah!

[On discovering that there is a Spanish newspaper called "Ya" which has this week published a report that the Duke of Windsor was about to intervene in the formation of a new British Government.]

What a slogan to stir up one's vitals!
How timid and tepid and tame
Seem most other newspaper titles
Compared with this Spaniard's name!
It may not be blessed with discretion
But it oozes aplomb and éclat;
The press has one priceless possession—
The paper called "Ya"!

To murmur its name brings a vision
Of bounce and bravado inborn,
Suggesting the thumb of derision
Applied to the nostrils of scorn.
If you urge that its news comes direct from
Vain rumor, the answer is "Bah!
What else could the reader expect from
A paper called 'Ya'?"

And, anyway, slight misconstructions
Don't matter in cases like this;
Who cares if its ducal deductions
Run wide of the mark and amiss?
Crisp, monosyllabic, compelling,
Its title makes good a faux pas
Which may have assisted in selling
The paper called "Ya."

P.S.—As a final reflection,
If D. Cooper or others complain
Of the press and its British direction,
Let them ponder this portent from Spain.
We answer to those who would shackle
Our press with a censoring Shah,
"You be thankful you ain't got to tackle
A paper called 'Ya'!"

—"Lucio" in the *Manchester Guardian*

A Weakness for Beethoven

The Germans would welcome our constant use of Beethoven's music. It would line up with the rest of their propaganda. It would suggest to them a "softness" among us, a soft spot in our hearts for something of German origin. That is what they aim at in all their propaganda—a weakening, in any and every direction, of our resolve.

—*Sound Wave*, England

Not in Good Taste

On the day it was announced that *Guilty Men* (an indictment of the Men of Munich) had been banned from the bookstalls, a friend of mine asked for it at a public library.

"Here you are," said the girl assistant. "We have two copies. Two old gentlemen came in this morning in a hurry, and took them out. They've just returned them.

"I don't think," she added primly, "they thought it was quite that sort of book."

—*News Chronicle*, London

Not to Include Stalin

Lady Cripps and her two daughters will join Sir Stafford in Moscow as soon as possible.

Nor is ordinary mail or the diplomatic bag coming through so that she is eagerly awaiting his first letter from Moscow.

They communicate at present by cable. In his last cable Cripps mentioned that he had just bought an Airedale terrier named Joe. Lady Cripps ended her cable of reply, "Greetings to Joe." On second thought, to avoid misunderstanding, she changed this to "Greetings to Airedale."

—William Hickey in the *Daily Express*, London

The Well-Heeled Propagandists

Here is the most improper comment I have yet received on the Ministry of Information, where forty-nine persons get over £1,000 a year:

Though national safety must comment disarm
It may never be perfectly clear
Why some get a fortnight for spreading alarm
While some get a thousand a year

—"Critic" in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Intellectuals no longer duped by Stalin, an exiled Italian novelist points out

The Party Line Fails to Hold

By IGNAZIO SILONE

Translated From *Il Mondo*, Italian Liberal Monthly, New York

STALIN'S policy has finally revealed the bureaucratic character of the Russian state in glaring light. I say bureaucratic and not sovietic for the evident reason that as early as 1919 the soviets had abandoned their function as representative of the will of the people. On the other hand, it would be incorrect to consider the present Russian system a dictatorship of the Bolshevik party, for the Russian Communists lost as far back as 1927 all the characteristics of an autonomous organization and therefore of a party. But it is very difficult to make this understood by those who should know. I have asked my intellectual leftist friends, therefore, to tell me what such writers as Bert Brecht, Ludwig Renn and Anna Seghers (to mention only a few intelligent Communist authors) think of Stalin's policy. I am inclined to attribute their silence to cowardice or ignorance, or a vain hope that Stalin's bureaucracy will finally turn to the left. Or, it may be that a misplaced pride makes them unwilling to seem to be rats deserting a sinking ship. Or, finally, it may be because of their material problems of the moment.

The power of the Communist party, above that of other parties—except, perhaps, the Fascist—is that it is not satisfied with its members' participation at meetings and exercise of the right to vote. It demands not a part of their activity but their whole lives. In this sense, it is more an order than a political organization; it is family, church, the only social reality, or, what is the same thing, the substitute for all these entities. This becomes especially true for members in danger of expulsion. Of the bonds which hold members to the party, the ideological is not the strongest. The party may change its tactics and its program; it may say today the opposite of what it said yesterday. That is of no importance, for "the party is always right." But the very thought of being expelled fills every loyal Communist with terror. Since the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

party is his world, to lose it is to descend into hell. While this is the power of communism, as of fascism, it is also its weakness, for it makes the Communist party the best refuge of brainless stupidity.

The results are most disastrous, especially for the intellectual in the service of communism. Since Stalinism has eclipsed every expression of Russian life under the shadow of its bureaucratic dictatorship, Russia has not produced a single novel worth reading or a film worth seeing. The pseudo-realism of contemporary official Russian literature reminds me of the art of photographic retouching—the aesthetic ideal of a decadent social class which tries to preserve the illusion of a lost youth through "artistic" photography. Many years ago, Lenin denounced the dangers of the "infantile diseases" of communism; today it exhibits symptoms of senile idiocy. It is sad indeed to pass from infancy to senility without ever having known an age of mature virility.

CONCORDAT, that is the term which I believe perfectly defines the relations between the Russian bureaucratic state and the intellectuals of the democracies. A concordat, as everyone knows, is a rather debatable compromise by which a weak political power on the one hand and a decadent spiritual power on the other, recognize each other's extent of authority and promise mutual assistance. In a concordat, what is sacrificed is always the spiritual power, which betrays its religious mission. The Russian state, having departed from the true sovietism and communism of Lenin, feels the necessity to substitute for it a spirituality borrowed from the Western world. It wishes to be recognized by the Western élite as the realization of the noblest aspirations of the human race, as the legitimate heir of humanitarian tradition, as the state equipped with the most liberal and democratic organization which the world has ever known. In return for all that—in addition to material advantages—it offered artists and writers made unhappy by their isolation, contact with the masses and the illusion of being at the head of human progress.

The slogans, "defense of civilization" and "social humanity," although adopted in bad faith, helped to attract to Stalinism many artists and writers of first rank in the Western world. But it was not surprising that men of integrity like André Gide, Aldous Huxley and Dos Passos could not long continue to play the roles of clowns in the Russian comedy.

The value of a work of art was determined by the degree of its acceptance by the Stalinist concordat. A novel, a picture, a piece of sculpture or of music was acclaimed by the party press as a masterpiece, or condemned or ignored, according to the political opinion of the author.

At their "congresses," the intellectuals were allowed to protest against Fascist censorship, the concentration camps in Germany and Italy, the suppression of liberty of teaching and the religious persecution in these countries, but, thanks to the concordat, they were compelled to close their eyes to the fact that these wrongs existed in Russia to an even higher degree. They could complain about the lot of Ossietsky but not that of Victor Serge. This gave to the eloquent claims of human dignity, freedom of conscience and struggle for democ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

racy voiced in these congresses, a strange taste and very doubtful effect. The deal was so obvious and so ignominious that no mitigating excuses can be found for the intellectuals who took part, not even their political inexperience. It was even justifiable to doubt the anti-Fascist convictions of certain German refugee writers who admired Stalin. One may ask oneself whether their anti-Hitlerism was anything more than their reaction against racial legislation in Germany. In fact, some of them made no effort to hide their admiration for Mussolini until he, too, became anti-Semitic. In any case, the Russo-German Pact and its effects have brought an inglorious end to the co-operation between the Russian state and the leftist intellectuals. And a great number of them have quickly consoled themselves, having no difficulty in substituting Roosevelt or Churchill for Stalin.

BUT there were men of the type to which I referred in the beginning of this article, for whom the parable of the Russian state represents a quite different tragedy. Perhaps they consider themselves betrayed, but if they have been, it was a case of self-betrayal. Not the least factor in the ruin of the Communist party was the conformism of its intellectuals. Great is the guilt of those who will have to render an account to the poor workers whom they helped to deceive. But let us hope at least that the breaking of the concordat between the Stalinist bureaucracy and the majority of the leftist intellectuals will be of some profit by serving as a warning to young writers and artists seeking a road for the future. They must embrace once more certain truths which are anything but new but have been imbued with new vigor from this last experience.

The union of art and revolution cannot be attained by the submission of the artist to a political party. A work of art is the fruit of the intimate life experience of its creator. It cannot be an instrument of propaganda—that much is evident. The history of art is the history of the spirit which has found a form of expression. Co-operation with the Communist party can give the artist the illusion that he is marching side by side with the working-class, but the heavy blows suffered by the party in the last fifteen years, the cynical amorality with which it has justified improvised changes of policy, can be explained only by its progressive alienation from the lower strata of the proletariat. A party which had really attached its future to that of the people could not make mince-meat of its battle slogans. It could not pass from the most passionate anti-Fascism to a pact with Hitler, call for peace and make war. From the corruption of a parasitic bureaucracy of the working-class will be born a Russian nihilism, a degenerate variant of the nihilism of which Nietzsche wrote. To break all connection with this bureaucracy is indispensable for the artist who wishes to create a work of living art, for him who seeks the social truth as it grows and lives in the ranks of the oppressed. Doing this, he will not have to fear isolation. The artist is never alone; his heart beats with those of millions of people whom he has never seen. Falsehood alone separates a man from his brothers. The artist must be a propagandist only in the cause of truth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England's most celebrated essayist discusses Bloomsbury and Bayswater

A Tale of Two Sections

By MAX BEERBOHM

From *World Review*, London Topical Monthly

IN August 1935, Mr. Baldwin's predilection for Worcestershire, and his complete trust in the genius of Mr. Eden, had made it likely that we might at any moment be at war with Italy, a country in which I had resided for many years. Accordingly I returned to the land of my birth and heart; and the stormy petrel, partly by chance, and partly for good reasons of economy, folded its wings in Bloomsbury, and was there for rather more than a year.

Tavistock Square isn't so fine a place as Bedford Square or Brunswick Square; but it is (as you will already have guessed) a Square, and has therefore much to be said for it. Very greatly did I enjoy the charm of seeing through my two large windows on the ground floor the gradual turn of the leaf, the yellowing and the browning of it, its fall, its wind-swept eddying along the road; and the austere nakedness of the great old trees, offering a distant view of the houses on the other side, and of the omnibuses that passed incessantly along that unhappy other side and blessedly couldn't be heard on ours; and in due time the clean snow upon the grass and upon the soot-black but noble branches; and later the small green buds that are so much stranger than on country trees; and gradually the disappearance of the inaudible omnibuses and of the windows of the unblest; and then again the yellowing and the browning, the falling and the eddying. It is in a city, surely, that the lover of Nature finds deepest pleasure in watching her old round of phases.

Nevertheless, he prefers the country; and I am sure that in the eighteenth century I should have wished to murder that Duke of Bedford who for purposes of pelf had his great house demolished and his park and his fields innumerable built over by a bright young architect and surveyor. I should not have realized that the architecture was good. I should have taken its manner as a matter of course. The spaciousness and solidity and homely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grandeur of it all, the generous width of its doors and doorsteps and of its areas, would have won no word of praise from my pursed-up lips. Nor would the correspondingly generous width of the roads and of the pavements have surprised and mollified me. One lives and learns. One lives another century and a half and begins to appreciate.

In my youth Bloomsbury meant little to me. It didn't—it doesn't even now—appeal to the historic sense. Such places as St. James's and Westminster and Mayfair had always had shining inmates: such places were of the center, and near the rose. Bloomsbury in its day was much favored by eminent lawyers, and by their wives and families. And outside their courts lawyers mostly burn with but a dim light. Moreover, they had deserted Bloomsbury before I was born, leaving their houses to the letters of lodgings and to the keepers of boarding-houses, or even to emptiness and darkness, or even to disrepute. If Bloomsbury had vanished utterly, my young heart would not have mourned it. But now it *is* beginning to vanish, little by little. Many of the squares and streets have been more or less vandalized. All of them are threatened. I gather that the arch-threatener is the University of London. I understand that there are no limits to its desire for expansion of that bleak, blank, hideous and already vast whited sepulcher which bears its name. Simultaneous tens of thousands of youths and maidens yet unborn will in the not so very far distant future be having their minds filled there and their souls starved there. Poor things! (And I'm sorry for the dons too.)

To them, perhaps, what may remain of the present Bloomsbury will have that historic interest which for us it lacks. They may say to one another, "In that small brown house yonder, Henry Smith wrote his immortal *Snarls*," and, "In that one, Philip Robinson painted some of the most exquisitely unsightly of his dissignifications." For of course, since 1918 or so, Bloomsbury has got into inverted commas, and has (though Philip Robinson will blame me for using the word) a meaning. It has become an intellectual center—or, as it would call itself (for it is very Russian in its leanings), a focus of the intelligentsia. I myself am not *very* Russian, and to me the term "intelligentsia" seems less modest and less apt than "mental underworld." Dostoievsky was a man of genius, certainly, and gave beautifully poignant expression to the feelings of the spineless hybrid race to which he belonged. But those feelings are not natural to our rough island race; and laborious little imitations of those feelings cut no ice, and win scant patience from the average reader, even if they are contrived in all deep reverence to the memory of Karl Marx, and in fond though violent indigestion of the theories of Dr. Freud.

Certainly 1914-18 was a bad time to be born in, and the subsequent years must have been unhappy ones to grow up in. I daresay that were I a young man of the period I too should be disgruntled. I was fortunate in the (almost pre-historic) date of my birth. Even so, however, I was foolish enough in my youth, as is the way of young men. But I wonder whether, if I were young now, I should be quite such a fool as to suppose that literary or graphic artists can advantageously

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forgo the influence of tradition and start with quite clean slates. The world has been going on for ever so long, with ever so many gifted people in it. Anything that is worth doing has been done frequently. Things hitherto undone should be given, I suspect, a wide berth. Let the young rebel, from time to time, by all means. But, to be fruitful, their revolts must be, in another sense, from time to time: from the present to the past. In the nineteenth century there were two movements of importance; one of them a revolt from the formalism of the previous century, the other from the current fashions of academic art. But Romance was, after all, an old and familiar affair; nor were Giotto and his kind imaginary figures. The only novelty was the style in which the old ways were handled and developed and extended in the new period. The Impressionists? For the moment, I was forgetting them. But they are no snag. None of my Chelsea friends of the 'nineties supposed Manet to have been a phœnix. Steer and Sickert, D.S.M. and Will Rothenstein, were all vocally aware of kings before Agamemnon—Spanish, Italian and other kings.

I WONDER that the Chelsea of those days could have slipped my memory, so obvious is the contrast of it with the Bloomsbury of these!—so fresh and tonic was the air of it; so gay were the artists of that village (for village it still seemed to be) by the riverside. Why hasn't Bloomsbury a river?—a cheering, strong-flowing river, washing things away to the sea. I feel sure that even in the inter-bella period a river would have done Bloomsbury no end of good. Regent's Park is very airy, and isn't very far away from Bloomsbury; but it is a smug, urban expanse, and, such as it is, can be reached only by walking along the Euston Road, awfullest of thoroughfares, and is therefore valueless for the purpose of bracing up the spirits of the Bloomsburyites and giving them that lively faith in themselves and in their works which is just what, in my daily rovings around the district, and in my observings of the passers-by, they seemed to me to lack. The passers-by were never many. The inhabitants didn't seem to take much exercise. They seemed to be mostly at home and at work all day. And it may be that none of the young men and women who passed by me was a poet or a painter, or even a critic. But some of them, I thought, must be something of that kind. And I wished they would bear themselves more proudly. I did not demand of them defiance. I merely craved an air of young self-confidence—a pleasant touch of juvenile swagger. Their work was treated with deep respect by most of the elderly reviewers (terrified of not seeming abreast of the times). But they seemed to be not elated by the timorous eulogies that were heaped on them. Their eyes lacked luster. Their cigarettes drooped almost vertically from between lips that never broke into a smile. And sometimes, I noted, they were wearing very muddy shoes though the sun had for several days been shining brilliantly. But there was one of them (and he a foreigner, I was told) who stood out distinctly from the rest: he was a tall, thin, keen-faced man with short side-whiskers; and he wore a kind of tam-o-shanter, a brick-colored cloak, a long robe to match, and a pair of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sandals; and his brown hair fell to the back of his waist, and in windy weather streamed out behind him with immense vivacity. He attracted great attention always, and comment too, of course. The best comment on him that I overheard was made by one of two costermongers whom he had just passed by. "Well, Bill," said the one to the other, who was grinning widely, "at any rate 'e's got more courage than wot *we*'ve got."

THESE words, so typical of cockney wisdom and tolerance, impressed me deeply. And perhaps it was they that caused me, me too, to become courageous. I had read in letters to the press many hostile references to "the Old School Tie," as a symbol of snobbish devotion to an individuality-crushing old horrid system, and had thought to myself, "What nonsense!" It had never occurred to me to exercise my right to wear such a tie. But now, here, in the heart of Bloomsbury, I felt that I would belatedly do so, and I went to my hosier and ordered two Old Carthusian ties. Do you know the colors? They are three: bright crimson, salmon pink and royal blue. They are dangerous to the appearance of even a quite young man. To that of an old man they are utterly disastrous. Nevertheless, I, without faltering, wore one of my pair until my sojourn in Bloomsbury came to its end.

This was in October 1936. The Anglo-Italian horizon had cleared. I returned to my home in Italy. In August of the next year but one, that horizon was again dark. One didn't know at what moment Hitler might strike, nor whether Mussolini wouldn't strike with him. Behold me again upon this isle!—but, this time, in Bayswater, where, indeed, I had been born and had lived (barring school-terms) until I was sixteen. A touching picture. The return of the old native.

There, in Inverness Terrace, I abode for some months, remembering Bloomsbury, and marvelling how two districts with but a few miles between them could have inhabitants so immeasurably different.

Bayswater! Is there no magic for you, reader, in that name? There had been none in it for me. But I'm not at all sure that it won't be found graven on my heart—graven there by the feeble hand of Bloomsbury.

Is it the climate that makes the difference? Bayswater is on a higher level, certainly. Or is it the soil? Bloomsbury, I am sure, is on clay, and Bayswater on gravel. Or is it the presence of Kensington Gardens? As is the river to Chelsea, so is (or are?) Kensington Gardens to Bayswater—exhilarating, purging, cobweb-preventing, spirit-of-village-preserving. Even in the darkest days of the autumnal crisis the mien of the inhabitants was suggestive of Merrie England. Swinging was their gait, bright were their eyes, clear their complexions, obviously high their spirits. The scene was Arcadian, the scene seemed vernal. The young women hadn't masked their faces with make-up nor plucked out their eyebrows, and weren't smoking, and were mostly wheeling perambulators with babies in them. The young men accompanying them seemed not to have a care in the world, and were mostly wearing Old School Ties. And the old people looked quite young. Time does not age the people of Bayswater.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An overflowing city seeks housing for 2,000 of them every month

Refugees Pour Into Shanghai

By MARY E. KERSEY

EVER since 1933, when the initial wave of racial persecution flooded Germany, with Hitler's accession to power, refugees—over 30,000 of them—have been clogging ships bound for Shanghai, making it a world headquarters for the dispossessed. Today, they are coming in at the rate of 1,800 to 2,000 a month.

First arrivals were professionals and business men with sufficient resources to finance their journey to Shanghai and launch themselves in some sort of money-making enterprise. They presented no particular problems; there were barely enough of them to scratch the surface of Shanghai's gigantic financial and business centers. They settled down quietly into the pattern of life in this non-restricted treaty port with characteristic Jewish adaptability and became reasonably prosperous in their particular fields.

Then a seventeen-year-old Polish Jew whose resentment flamed higher than that of his contemporaries, murdered the third secretary in the German Embassy in Paris. Herr Von Rath was no vitally important key man at the time, but his murder, because of its anti-Semitic implications, became the excuse for the renewal of pogroms all over Germany, especially in Berlin.

All this happened in November 1939, and immediately upon the tightening of anti-Semitic laws the flow of refugees into non-restricted Shanghai increased to a flood. The staggering average of some 1,800 arrivals per month came by way of Suez and Siberia on Italian, Japanese and even German ships. All Italian vessels, notably the Triestino line, do big business in refugee evacuation, with their tourist and third-class accommodations now booked months in advance. The tedious Siberian rail route became so clogged with evacuees that it was finally closed to all non-Aryans.

Nazis, after as thorough a confiscation of a Jew's property as they can effect, shunt him out of the country,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

calling it unlawful and punishable by imprisonment in concentration camp to leave with more than the equivalent of $5. No precious metals, jewelry or cameras may be retained by the evacuee. Realizing their ultimate fate in a world choked with unemployed, many Jews have devised subtle means of removing their wealth from the country. One merchant sold his property and with the money purchased platinum bars which he proceeded to have fashioned into tiny nails. He substituted these precious nails for the rusted ones of an old wheelbarrow, and piling a few old mattresses and household equipment on it, quietly wheeled it across the border and cashed in on the nails.

Told around a highly indignant Nazi dinner table in Shanghai is the story of a whole band of ingenious Jews who took their money and, in a wild buying spree, purchased wardrobe after wardrobe of fine clothing; complete outfits, including shoes, hats, underwear, overcoats, spats, fancy waistcoats, and the like—enough to last a lifetime. As it is not prohibited to take clothing from the country, these Jewish shoppers were certain to have invested their money wisely, for once aboard ships, and in Shanghai, they find a ready market for these goods, now prohibitively expensive in the Orient.

Despite the fact that a few of the more alert manage to make their way to Shanghai with a handful of traveler's checks, 90 per cent of the evacuees arrive entirely destitute. Then there are those traveling on N.Y.K. ships who are allowed to buy foreign exchange for their few salvaged marks. Others arriving by European vessels, and forbidden to purchase foreign exchange, buy ship's coupons with their money and cash them in for sundry articles of merchandise such as cameras, toy autos and cigaret cases, which are offered for sale on the ship. Immediately upon arrival in Shanghai these white elephants once again change hands.

A large share of those who make their hopeless way to Shanghai—almost three-quarters—are self-respecting middle-class business men, shopkeepers, merchants, salesmen, with their families. All are totally unfit for a life of vagabondage and a hand-to-mouth existence. While in Germany and Austria, these Jews made no provision for a sudden emergency such as this, and are of a type which is completely bewildered by the foreign atmosphere of Shanghai. Most of them are quite unable to orientate themselves to the situation. Other countries and ports having been closed to them, they are forced to acclimate themselves to a city which is already choked with over 50,000 Chinese war refugees, a city where White Russians are still creating a tremendous problem in sociological and economic adjustment.

Fortunately, these nomad people are not allowed to make their way to Shanghai entirely unaware of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chaotic situation with which they must cope. While on their way to Shanghai, they are given, as far back as Port Said, pamphlets and instructions issued by local authorities, explaining conditions in Shanghai so that en route they have ample time to consider the matter from every angle. Many are advised to study English before boarding a ship for Shanghai; others study during the voyage. The majority, however, are learning at one of the fifty-odd classes conducted in various districts around Shanghai. At large classes of over forty, the refugee learns English at lightning speed, so that after several weeks he is adequately equipped to make his way about the city.

THESE Europeans can be seen, early of a morning, emerging from their cheap coffee houses, in Hongkew, Japanese-occupied territory and, with their shabby, thin briefcases, filing across the Garden Bridge to ride crowded buses down the Bund. There they must approach business tycoons to sell them a novel idea, to inveigle some firm into allowing them to use its mailing list for a new venture promulgated by a few of the more affluent refugees, the ones who haven't sold their topcoats yet.

Sir Victor Sassoon, leading light in Shanghai's financial and pseudo-philanthropic circles, is, fortunately for him, possessed of an Arabian birthright, instead of a German one. As the president of Shanghai's three most prominent hotels, he instinctively senses the refugee housing problem before any other.

"We are up against it as regards accommodation and unless something turns up, a number of new arrivals will have to sleep in the street," attests Sassoon. It has been suggested that Sir Victor open up some of the unoccupied rooms of his spacious Cathay Hotel for his homeless kinsmen, but the latest reports are that he is holding out for $600 per month. No wonder he told press interviewers: "This is a problem I can see no end to."

Camps—horrible shell-torn plots of ground on which haphazard tenement-like buildings have been thrown together to accommodate the Europeans—are the only refuge which thousands can find. Since Shanghai is in the grip of a major housing crisis brought about by the war and the influx of Chinese refugees, rents have skyrocketed so high as to be prohibitive, and a key-money racket flourishes today which makes it necessary to advance great sums before actually occupying the apartment or flat. Families have been forced to double up in tiny cramped rooms in Hongkew, the only district where rents are low enough for the refugee to afford.

Hongkew, since its occupation by the Japanese, has been completely evacuated of its foreign population and has become, in two short years, a wretched industrial district where living is at its lowest level. Prices, due to Japanese influence, are quoted in an entirely different currency from that used in the International and French Concessions of Shanghai. Added to this is the problem of taxis, coolies and other services, for without a pass to cross Japanese-controlled Garden Bridge, no Chinese can perform errands or any sort of service in Hongkew. Ricksha pullers run their racket too; a scarcity of them forces those who ride in and about Hongkew

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to pay twice the price charged for the same ride on the other side of the Bridge.

Despite these overwhelming odds, refugees manage to eke out an existence in Hongkew, and have even found time, place and financial backing for a few tacky cabarets. There, instead of the ordinary Chinese waiters employed by even the cheapest restaurants in Shanghai proper, young Jewish girls serve patrons; their bedraggled permanent waves, worn-over heels, and much-mended silk stockings are carry-overs from days spent in streets not filled with beggars and filthy rickshas.

Dollars by the thousands have been raised to help reinstate these people. A total of $720,000 Chinese has been collected by the Committee for the Assistance of European Refugees in Shanghai; a large portion of this came from the American Joint Distribution Committee, another portion from the Council for German Jewry in London, and $30,000 from Sir Victor himself.

Two large refugee camps in Hongkew have been constructed by this Committee, and the British Old Women's Home utilized as camp and hospital combined. The camps house about 1,300 Austrian and German refugees; the London Mission, some 1,200 of them; there are sixty patients in the hospital. Eight hundred and sixty children under fifteen, and 400 of them under five are being denied milk because of its exhorbitant price —$1.00 a quart.

The manager of the camps has, ironically, six medals for bravery while fighting in the Austrian army during the first World War. Today he has the responsibility of doling out meals three times a day to refugees who line up much in the fashion of a Salvation Army bread line to receive meager portions of what is a pitiful attempt at kosher cooking. However, the Committee has calculated closely. Cost of three meals per capita cannot exceed 33 cents a day. This amount is, of course, barely enough to keep a Chinese ricksha puller in rice for one day. Previous to drastic economy measures, 48 cents was the average allotment; meat is served only a few times a week. Considering that 4,800 are fed daily, the frugality of the rations cannot be criticized. Rent for these people who are cooped up fifty in one room, never exceeds $1.25 U.S. a month.

Recent steps have been taken for the erection of a large camp at Yangtzepoo on the Sung Sing Mill property not far from a huge lumber yard. This will accommodate several thousands. But as Sir Victor points out: "Funds have still to be collected for erecting mat-sheds, and for the big, expensive requirements—latrines and water." Appeals have been made to Japanese authorities to donate the use of deserted school and factory

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

buildings available now north of the Garden Bridge. Here is an appalling picture of a people, born to a background of European civilization, reduced to living in camps similar to those used by totalitarian political police.

The Committee can only attempt to tide the refugee over the first weeks of orientation to his new life in Shanghai, a life full of asking questions, asking for money, asking prices —always to be answered in a foreign tongue, always to be refused help and looked upon as not much higher than a coolie. After a few short weeks of this the refugee must go on his own, must in some miraculous way launch into a profitable business enterprise, else he and his family will starve. It is true that Semitic blood has always produced the shrewdest financiers, but in Shanghai they are forced to cope with their equals, the Chinese, and oftentimes their superiors, Chinese Jews, better known as Eurasians.

Sir Victor may have been too right when he declared, "I do not think that the European Jewish refugees are dislodging anyone." For rare is the case where a refugee has been able to gain a toehold in Shanghai's water-tight business whorl. Some have opened shops and various concessions within the refugee camps themselves, where the small demands of the refugees have created some sort of employment for their kinsmen. Others, perhaps by pooling individual resources into a common fund, and with a little financial skill, have started businesses which Shanghai actually needs. Some export businesses, such as the leather trade to the United States and other countries, are being conducted in the same manner as they were previously in Vienna and Berlin. Other rare examples of successful Jewish enterprise have been given financial send-offs and backing by Chinese concerns who appreciate the unique business sense of these people and realize their value in stimulating Chinese business.

THE other evening a couple in full dress were wandering down a Shanghai sidestreet, called, incongruously, Love Lane. Their attention was caught suddenly by the sounds of Viennese music emerging from a heavily curtained ground-floor room. When they had made their way through a labyrinthian hallway, they discovered a tiny bar with three stools, about six tables of diners, a glassed-in kitchenette, a square piano perched in a far corner. The music rang strangely true, not in typical Shanghai adulterated style.

They pressed themselves to the bar and ordered two vermouth cocktails. A tall sensitive-faced Jew proceeded to concoct the drink, adding the ingredients carefully and arranging olives on small glass picks. The young man, feeling especially belligerent, began to make deprecatory remarks about his drink, and the girl, in an equally belligerent mood, valiantly defended the erring bartender.

"Oh Tommy, shut up," she scoffed, "after all, this man knows more about mixing drinks than you do—he's been doing it all his life." When she looked expectantly at the man she was championing his face was filled with resentment.

"I haf not mix drinks so long," he retorted, "I own six cafes back in Vienna—me! I mix no drinks before I come Shanghai."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Men of Free France

By LESLIE HOWARD

From the *Listener*, Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

THERE is now with us in England a group of foreigners who, of their own free decision, deliberately arrived at, have committed an act of such inspired courage as even the history of great wars rarely uncovers.

All over the world today, but particularly in the zones of war, men are, consciously or unconsciously, finding out what it is in life that they hold most dear. I suggest that in times of peace and prosperity many of us cannot be quite sure. We think we know, but do we? But, in times of great upheaval, in times of national peril, of common tragedy and danger, when life and security are uncertain and there is no visible future, in such times it is generally revealed to us whether it is money that is chiefly precious, or fame, or power, or religion, or family, or some special possession, or honor, or even a particular and personal vice. In an extreme moment we shall know.

A strange and wonderful light has been thrown on this subject by members of the French fighting forces who found themselves in England or escaped to it after the tragic collapse of their Fatherland.

Let us consider the cases of some of these men. Take, for example, a thick-set little bearded man from Marseilles, who was born in Corsica and hates nothing so much as Italians —except, of course, Germans. He is a *sous-officier* in the French Army. When he left Marseilles on mobilization, he left his fiancée—they were going to be married after the war—his mother and a good job on one of the local papers. After the stagnation in the Maginot Line he was suddenly shipped off to Norway where he did redoubtable things with the British and was decorated after the evacuation of Narvik. A direct hit from the air landed on the crowded deck of his ship, killed sixty men instantaneously and stupefied most of the rest. The explosion had started such a fire that the magazine was in imminent danger, and it seemed that nothing could save the ship, but in the confusion that small dark figure was seen to rouse itself to frantic action. Calling a few dazed comrades he succeeded in halting the fire, saving the magazine and the ship and thousands of lives. He wears his decoration proudly on a tattered uniform but flatly refuses to discuss it. Later he and his regiment were shipped hurriedly to Brest in a last desperate attempt to stem the German avalanche, but arrived too late.

The scenes at Brest were terrible. The harbor was full of ships, taking off troops for England, and also taking refugees. The Germans had already arrived at Rennes, one hundred and forty miles away, and had cap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tured the railway station and all the rolling stock intact, and it was known in Brest that, at that moment, German troops were on their way, not by marching, or by mechanized vehicles, but actually by train. The scene at the dock was indescribable, but the thing which struck my little Corsican most was the sight of mothers forcing their way down to the edge of the quays and pushing their small sons on board the ships with the words: "You, at least, can live to fight for France." The ship on which my Corsican found himself was packed with troops and refugees. As it steamed slowly out of the harbor, someone started to sing the *Marseillaise*. Instantly, others began to join in and then all of a sudden the great French song died away. Men remembered what the song of the men of Marseilles had meant in the great days of France, but they could not bear to sing it with the Germans overrunning their country. There is something inexpressibly tragic about free Frenchmen who have no longer the heart to sing the *Marseillaise*. That song has meant so much in the history of free France.

TODAY I talked to another French soldier of the line—in civil life a famous violinist—who has joined the Army of General de Gaulle. He had just come back from giving a violin recital to men of the Foreign Legion who went from North Africa to fight at Narvik and came from Narvik back to England. They are now in camp somewhere in

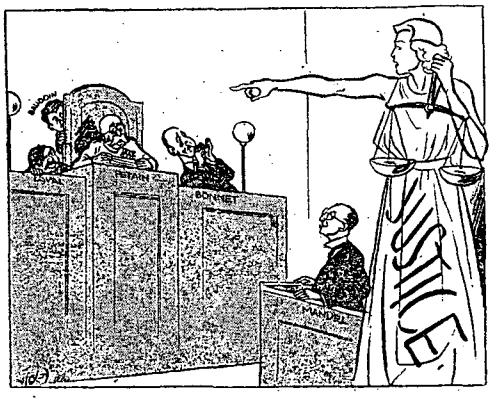
—*Daily Mail*, London

Sieg Heil!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England. I asked the violinist for his impressions of these men. The first thing he said was that, when he arrived, they asked him if there was anything new in the newspapers—because, of course, very few of them could read English. He told them with some diffidence that that morning they had all been condemned to death by the Vichy Government. They were delighted and cheered and cried: "That's the third time we've been condemned to death in the last six weeks."

My violinist friend said over and over again that the men who have elected to stay in England and fight for General de Gaulle simply cannot understand the ones who want to go back to France. The ones who want to go back have mothers and wives and children and small patches of land and possessions in France. "But are we all orphans?" demanded the violinist. "Are we, who want to see France free from the domination of Germany, are we all unmarried? Have we no possessions in France?" But he also said that there was no shadow of ill-feeling between the two sets of men. There was just an irreconcilable difference. The one set felt that it would be better to be on the spot to protect and feed their wives and children and mothers, even though it might mean working for the Germans, and, in effect, helping the Germans to attack Britain. The other set felt that the time was long past for personal feelings, and that wives and children and mothers were in the front line of this cruel and horrible warfare, and must be regarded as soldiers, who in the long run are less important to the world than the cause of liberty and the future of France itself.



—*Time and Tide*, London

Then I should like to say a word about the parade of French troops in one of the camps in the South of England. An English military band was playing that magnificent marching song of the Revolution, the *Sambre et Meuse*. The famous Foreign Legion came swinging past the saluting-base, where their Colonel was standing. The Colonel, incidentally, had led them since 1917, and had been twelve times wounded and decorated twenty-five times. In the half-brigade that went past, the youngest was a Frenchman who has ten years' service and nine mentions-in-dispatches, and the eldest was a Pole, with twenty-two years' service and so many medals that he couldn't be bothered to wear them any more. Behind these veterans came hundreds and hundreds of young men, wearing an extraordinary mixture of costume. Some were in uniform, some in civilian clothes and some in a mixture of the two. They were volunteers for the French Foreign Legion—Englishmen, Norwegians, Americans and Frenchmen who had escaped from Brittany in the refugee ships. In a week or two they will be marching in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

line with the veterans of all those medals and all those mentions-in-dispatches.

Then there is the story of the young quartermaster who had retreated with his division to Dunkirk and had there been rescued by the British Navy and brought across to England. The moment that the French Armistice was signed, the quartermaster had only one idea in his head: to return to his wife and his children, and his beloved France. A French comrade of his argued and argued with him. "England," said his friend, "saved you and welcomed you and looked after you, and has kept you a free man." The quartermaster replied: "My first duty, all the same, is to go back to my wife and children." When his friend said that it was impossible to live under the German jack-boot in freedom and honor, the quartermaster stubbornly replied, "I want to die on my own doorstep," and with these words the quartermaster embarked on a ship which was put at the disposal of him, and men like him, by the British Government. The ship was a French merchant ship; it was carrying out the terms of the Armistice; the Germans were informed of its passage across the Channel; the ship was brilliantly lighted and carried French colors. Nevertheless, the Germans destroyed it.

That quartermaster was on the *Meknes* when it was torpedoed, and he has returned to England again, having been for a second time rescued by English seamen. He has changed his mind now about German good faith and the idea of living under German rule, and he has thrown in his lot with General de Gaulle.

Incidentally, this is something of a real man, this de Gaulle, believe me. He was wounded three times in the last war, the last time at the inferno of Douaumont, where he was captured by the Germans. He was a young Captain in those days and obviously the man of spirit that he still is. He made an unsuccessful attempt to escape from his prison camp but was caught and brought back and punished. It seemed to have no effect on him, for he tried the same thing five times in succession and was only finally liberated by the Allied victory. This is the man who became the prophet of the war of mechanized movement, the prophet who was recognized by the Germans themselves, but who made apparently little headway against the old French classic school of mass defense and Maginot Line. Today he bears an unofficial title, a title which no Frenchman either at the height of France's glory nor at the depth of her humiliation, ever bore before, an astonishingly simple title: Chief of all Free Frenchmen. He seems to be worthy of that title, judging by the words of one who followed him through the streets of London on Bastille Day to pay honor to the statue of Foch.

"When he led us to the statue of the Great Marshal, at his command we raised our eyes and we had the courage, we the conquered, to look Foch in the face. And when he explained who we are and what we are doing he said simply: 'There were two roads open, my companions, and I have chosen the road of honor.' You see, we are not 'his men,' we are not even 'his soldiers,' we are 'his companions'!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Apple Woman

By LESLIE HALWARD

From *Life and Letters Today*, London Literary Monthly

WITH half a dozen other women, she comes into the orchard when the long grass is still silvered with moisture and a thick mist, like steam, veils everything lower than the tree tops; the front of the perambulator she pushes bearing the grass down and the wobbling wheels leaving a double track of darker green that wavers back to the gateway through which she has turned on leaving the road.

The other women talk and sometimes laugh shrilly as they swish through the wet grass, the bottoms of their skirts, already soaked, slapping against the tops of their Wellington boots. The woman with the perambulator does not speak, but silently, hurriedly, always a little ahead of the others, makes for the place where the ground is covered by a carpet of bright red cider apples, and sacks and buckets lie where they have been left the night before, under the dripping trees. The child in the perambulator is sleeping. Two more, both boys, the elder a year under school age, trot at the woman's heels.

After setting the perambulator in the open, where water from the trees will not fall on it, the woman takes out of it two little buckets, such as children play with at the seaside, and gives one to each of the boys.

"Pick up some apples," she says to them; and at once they begin to do so.

From a bundle of sacks the woman sorts out a fairly dry one, folds it, and drops it onto the ground at the extreme edge of the carpet of apples. She takes a bucket, places it near the sack, and falls to her knees. Even before her knees have taken her weight, her fingers are busy, curling about the small apples so that four or five are picked up in each hand and tossed into the bucket, dropping onto the metal bottom with a ringing sound, this sound becoming duller as one handful after another follows the first.

By the time the other women have got settled, she has filled her bucket, and the children theirs. Taking up a sack, she opens the mouth of it and places it over the top of the bucket. With a rapid movement she turns the bucket upside down and the apples pour out. She holds the mouth of the sack open while the boys pour in the contents of their own buckets. Then all three begin to pick up again.

In an hour the woman feels wet about the back and shoulders. The drippings from the trees have soaked through her worn coat and dress. Cold and clammy, her underclothing begins to cling to her flesh. But she does not seem to be aware of this. She is doing well this morning, for the fruit lies thick; a second sack will be full in a few minutes. The boys have got bored and wandered away from her; she can hear them quarrelling.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She calls them quietly by name and they return and pick up their buckets again. Every now and then, after emptying her bucket, the woman looks at the child in the perambulator, who, happily, is still sleeping.

Just before midday a laborer comes to the orchard, carrying a long pole with a hook on the end of it. He has come to shake down more fruit from the trees. He has a cheery word with the women, thinking he would have to be very hard up before he allowed *his* wife to do such a job. His wife is one of the more fortunate ones. She cleans at a gentleman's house and is given a good meal every day. The man goes to the first tree still bearing fruit, pushes the pole up into it, places the hook round one of the branches, and pulls at the pole like a man ringing a bell. Apples tumble to the ground with a noise like a hail storm. He looks down and hunches his shoulders, so that the apples will not hit him in the face; a number of them bounce off his head, but for all the notice he takes they might be peas. Immediately the apples have stopped falling, he looks up into the tree, gets a grip with the hoop, and pulls again; not too vigorously, for the fruit is very ripe and drops as soon as the branch is touched; he need not sweat himself.

THE woman with the children has not spoken or even looked at him. She does not know he is there. She is alone, picking up apples and filling sacks with them as fast as she can. Four of them now lean against the trunk of the tree she started working under. At first her hands were numb with cold, but her activity has set the blood coursing through her veins and now her whole body is aglow. One of the boys has complained that he is hungry, and she has told him he must wait until the proper time for his food. It will not be long. The baby has awakened and begun to cry and she has hastened to the perambulator and quieted her by pushing a rubber comforter into her mouth. She wonders if she can fill a fifth sack by one o'clock, when all the women will stop work for a meal.

It is not until then, when for the first time she slowly straightens her back and legs, that she realizes how much she aches. But even then the realization does not wholly penetrate her consciousness. The pain is distant, as if the woman were half under the influence of an anaesthetic. She goes to the perambulator and places a bottle of milk near the baby's mouth, tilting it so that the milk flows always toward the rubber teat which the child sucks eagerly. Sitting on her upturned bucket, the woman makes a meal of bread and lard swilled down by swallows of cold tea, giving some to the boys, who eat while running about. Feeling chilled, she shivers, and presently begins to cough, coughing until her eyes are filled with tears and she can hardly draw her breath, explaining to the other women, when she has recovered sufficiently, that a bit of bread "went the wrong way down."

Immediately she has eaten the little food she has brought with her, the woman begins working again. She knows by experience that the afternoon is always the worst, but she tries not to think of this. She must pick up as many apples as she possibly can. The water has stopped dripping from the trees; the mist has gone and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sun is trying to come out. She takes off her sodden coat and works feverishly in order to get warm again. A sixth and a seventh sack are filled, and laboriously, so as to keep her mind off her own discomfort, the woman begins to reckon up how much money she will earn. She is doing exceedingly well. She will have earned four shillings by the time she goes home. Perhaps even four-and-sixpence. Four-and-sixpence! More than she has ever earned before in her life. She becomes excited. "Jimmy! John! Get your buckets!" she calls. It *can* be done. She is determined that it *will* be done. Four shillings and sixpence! Already she can see the silver coins lying in the palm of her hand.

At five o'clock the other women leave. Each has to prepare a meal for her husband when he comes home from work. The woman who remains has no husband. There are only herself and her children, to feed whom she must work.

"Fill your buckets, there's good boys," she urges them.

It is almost dark when the ninth sack is filled and the four-and-sixpence earned. The woman is so tired now that she feels sick. For a second or two she stands swaying, with closed eyes. Then, as if at a shouted command, she takes her coat from the fork of the tree where she put it and hangs it over the handle of the perambulator. And in another moment the wobbling wheels begin to make a hardly visible double track that wavers toward the gateway that leads out of the orchard on to the deserted road.

Gold Coast Opinion

The attitude of the Gold Coast toward the war against Nazi intolerance has found expression in a number of striking utterances. "If Hitler should prove victorious and should send his henchmen to replace the British as our rulers," said one chief at a public meeting held in a village near Accra, "I will hang myself rather than serve him." But first, he added, "I shall take care to poison all my descendants, so that they, too, may be saved from slavery." At another meeting, I heard an African doctor, speaking in level, unemotional tones, tell his audience: "You ask me how much I prize liberty? This is how much I prize it. If I had two houses, one in Nazi Germany and the other in hell, and I had to take up residence in one of them, I should not hesitate. I'd choose the one in hell." In one tiny "bush" village the registrar of the native court produced an apt description of the Führer. "He is," he said, "a graduate of the university of empty braggartings and garrulous vociferations."

—*Comet*, Lagos, Nigeria

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A German opinion is that genuine friendship will come only from Italy

Egypt Needs a 'Protector'

Translated From the *Frankfurter Zeitung*

(Editor's Note: Nothing makes a small nation more apprehensive today than to learn it has provoked the benevolent interest of an Axis Power. The following article preceded the Italian expedition into Egypt.)

ONE MUST be a sorcerer to be able to fathom the secret of the Egyptian Sphinx. In countries distinguished by extremes of temperature, by deserts and other extravaganzas of nature, minds and policies usually move along paths not easily comprehensible to our cooler brains. I do not know whether the climatic peculiarities are greater in Egypt or in India. I only know that during the World War, and after, we read in our German newspapers the same reports about the Indian Nationalists striving for independence, and about the unfathomable thoughts of Ghandi, that we get from Egypt today.

In short, it would be presumptuous to say—without the most intimate knowledge, particularly of what has happened in the last months—how strong is Egypt's desire for independence and how great is the possibility of its realization during this war. It does appear certain, however, that the revolutionary changes which the war against England will bring, cannot leave Egypt unaffected. The predominance of England in the Suez Canal Zone and in Egypt will, of course, be ended by the forthcoming military and economic collapse of Great Britain. It would not be surprising, either, if the domination and exploitation of the Sudan by England will no longer be tolerated. The Nile, whose main source is in Italian East Africa [Abyssinia] and whose other source is in the Southern Sudan, creates an enormous natural economic unit which has been torn apart by England's policy. It obviously was not meant by Providence to be an object of English speculation and exploitation (because, if this were so, the English would have been given

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

darker skins). As soon as this region is no longer the scene of international squabbles, a great future for the union of Europe and Africa may be expected. The quarrel between England and France about the Upper Nile Valley was only an episode from the historical point of view, and, in the same way, the British monopoly of Northern Africa will be only another episode, no matter what the status of a freed Egypt may be in the reorganization of the Mediterranean.

When Italy entered the war, Mussolini declared Egypt to be one of those countries whose neutrality Italy would recognize absolutely as long as they did not make this impossible by their own attitude. Italy wants England to lose its self-assumed monopoly in Egypt, as Italy has full sympathy for Egyptian national aspirations. A liberated and reborn Egypt would be the natural friend of a strong Italy. But, two things, it seems, are necessary. First, that the Egyptians, instead of selling their will to freedom, maintain their national aims and their honor in spite of British force, because, without honesty and earnest effort, even at the cost of great struggles and sacrifices, no national Egyptian state can be born. Second, that they do their utmost to force England, as long as it still has power in Egypt, to abide strictly by the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty (which is also the basis for present Egyptian-Italian relations), which permits Egypt not to take an active part in the war.

That is the situation today. Can it be of long duration? The English will, perhaps—before they are finally crushed by Germany and Italy—force Egypt to abstain from all manifestations of its desire for independence or any open defense of itself against English tyranny. But Italy may be forced, by military developments, to extend its actions beyond the Egyptian frontier, and the more the Egyptians allow themselves to be oppressed and let their country be changed into a British fortress, the sooner will Italy take action. In either case, the present situation may soon be changed. The Egyptians would then be faced with the problem of how strong their national aspirations are as opposed to the English, and how much they are willing to risk for their future. For this very difficult problem, the Egyptians have nothing to thank but British predominance and the superfluous and dangerous British promise of protection against a power from which an independent Egyptian state could expect nothing but friendship and co-operation.

ENGLISH power still continues to block the movement for Egyptian independence by every possible means. Graft is used to corrupt a few, but the ruthless force of military rule is felt by all. In practice, all the essential points of the new Anglo-Egyptian Treaty, concluded only four years ago, have been invalidated. Instead of advancing toward autonomy and having the British troops withdrawn into the Suez Canal Zone proper, Egypt is compelled—under the hypocritical pretext of protecting it from Italian attack—to submit to a military rule which is tending toward complete Egyptian disarmament. Such a situation inevitably threatens to make Egypt the scene of war. For, how can the Italians defend themselves against attack, if they do not push

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

back the English toward their base, which means to Egyptian territory or track them down there. However, what the English really want is that Egyptian-Italian friendship should cease and that these two countries should enter into open warfare. This would enable the English to do whatever they wish in Egypt.

What can that profit the British, one may ask, since they are going to lose the war anyhow? Nothing, in fact, except the fostering of new hate. But up to the point of their capitulation or complete collapse, the English must behave as if they were going to win. They are consistent in stirring up the Egyptians against the Italians, in attempting to make them believe, "Stand by us, because otherwise you will be the victims of the Italians, who wish to dominate your country."

The Italians have known how to establish a good reputation for themselves in Egypt, by living and working industriously in that country. They and the Egyptians are in perfect accord in their desire for the removal of English influence. Except for the English themselves, only a handful of Egyptian "notables"—such as those who were recently praised in London—disagree. From Rome, this has been explained as due to the generosity with which England, in spite of its own needs, fills their pockets. But the English Government should not overlook the fact that it has not solved the problem by that method; on the contrary, it has rendered it more difficult. Even a million subsidized notables will not be sufficient to maintain British power in Egypt when the absolute certainty of the defeat of Great Britain by Germany and Italy has been realized. For all those Egyptians who have not enjoyed special favors will never forgive the Anglophiles who, for material considerations, strengthened British power to the detriment of their own people, in this difficult and momentous hour. Furthermore, the already great social antagonism between the rich—and, therefore, generally Anglophile—upper crust and the masses of the people, will increase still more when it is revealed how the English have corrupted the Egyptian upper classes. The English think it is wisdom to play men and classes against each other. They apparently do not see how much harm this causes and that in the end these immoral methods will react on England itself. As British power disappears, England can expect less return from its vaunted idea that its historic mission is to subjugate other peoples, to educate them and, finally, to accept them as good friends into the community of the Empire. The more ruthless the methods which the English employ before they condescend to grant independence, the less is the inclination for subsequent friendship. Ireland is an example.

EGYPT is not a British dominion or colony. Egypt is not a party to the war. But Egypt is very close to the belligerent precipice. If the country were free from British domination, it would surely remain as untouched by the war as all the other Mediterranean nations. Italy appreciates the difficulties which Egyptian nationalism faces at present. But for Germany, as for Italy, there can be only one point of view and one aim—to defeat the British. If this must occur on Egyptian soil, it is not Italy's fault.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The only real good in the enemy, says the Duce's newspaper, stems from Rome

Britain's Virtues Are Jewish Vices

By LIDIO CIPRIANI

Translated From *Il Popolo d'Italia*, Milan

(*Editor's Note: From time to time,* The Living Age *publishes, in literal translation, articles from the Nazi and Fascist press, occasionally because anti-democratic propaganda is informative, or again because it is comic.*)

TODAY Britain will not change her attitude of inopportune truculence, which now she manifests more than ever before. It is characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon temperament to think it must refuse to give up, even when all is lost. Far from understanding that this point of view is sealing their doom, the English doubtless believe they are all innocent victims of this war. Only an adequate offensive, of which the present conflict is the first important stage, will disillusion the British, and our objectives will be reached as soon as we Italians, exploiting the progressive decay of the enemy, have contributed our share toward annihilating them.

The British, and indeed all Anglo-Saxons, do not shine by any originality of thought; their nature is to fasten upon the fruits of the creative imagination of others. Again, their obtuseness is amply demonstrated, among other things, by the vast number of religious and political cults that have arisen in England and the United States, cults that usually adhere to ridiculous aims. These aims were germinated in the crackpot mentalities of members of various races which these Anglo-Saxons welcomed into their midst as so many oracles.

Anglo-Saxon civilization appears ideally suited for a scheming and exotic people like the Jews, who are ideally equipped for wily infiltration into foreign lands. But it is not surprising that some of the Jewish stratagems, used to gain advantages abroad, serve only to provoke hilarity among us Italians.

Self-confidence is a useful motive for action. But self-confidence is not synonymous with presumptuousness which, while also a provocation to action, often goes to extremes and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leads to ruin. Self-confidence may be said to deserve the fullest praise; presumptuousness, on the other hand, must be regarded as partaking of insanity. By reason of their ingenuity—evidence of their low standard of intelligence—the Anglo-Saxons achieve their ends by means of this presumptuousness; for example, they cannot act except in a big and spectacular manner. The Jews perfectly understand and exploit this failing, and they have an easy time getting profits for themselves, without regard for the damage they do to those they exploit.

Thus, among other things, the Jews have disseminated in the newspapers they control, an unending stream of fantastic and amazing ideas. For example, they have given circulation to the idea that the Anglo-Saxons and the Jews have a common ethnical origin, an idea now upheld as fact by millions of English and Americans. Consequently, the Anglo-Saxons see in the Jews their closest racial brothers.

As this conception is fundamental, it accounts for the pro-Jewish attitude of the Anglo-Saxons who, welcoming the Jews among them, also have taken pride in this attitude. The Jews, in fact, did not need to prepare the soil of Britain for the belief of a common racial origin among its people and the Jews. Our own Tacitus dealt with that theme in his celebrated eulogy of the Teutons. And more was written around this conception in the nineteenth century. John Mitchell Kemble, in a book dealing with the Teutonic influx into England, William Stubbs in an analysis of the British constitution, Edmund Burke in a study of the political system of his country, ascribed in their respective eulogies almost superhuman gifts to the Anglo-Saxon race which, incidentally, was formed in the British Isles only after the extermination of the aborigines by the Teutonic invaders. Supposedly, the race, language and the social and political genius of present-day Britain were evolved from the pure blood of the Teutons.

We Italians, of course, must reject such contentions. The truth is that the virtues in English life and culture are direct survivals of the Roman institutions which, in the British Isles, preceded the Teutonic by at least a thousand years.

The British misconception of Teutonic culture was furthered by Charles Kingsley, the poet and novelist, who almost deified the Anglo-Saxons and described them as made invincible by the will of God. Besides, he was to argue later, it is plain that Britain has been entrusted by the Deity with a transcendental mission in the world. The argument was also developed by Macaulay, Froude and Seeley, in the martial panegyrics of Lea, the imperialism of Kipling and the exaggerations of Cramb. Finally, after the "Anglo-Saxons" had distorted racial theories developed in Germany by Fichte and Hegel in the field of the metaphysical essence of the state, Britain proclaimed herself as a kind of new Israel ordained by God for the purpose of extending to the world the virtues of its material, cultural and political rule.

THE United States found itself totally unable to resist the fascination of this doctrine. Scholars embroidered the theme, convinced that only on American soil might one find all the virtues attributed by our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tactitus to the forefathers of the Anglo-Saxons. American anthropologists, historians and writers argue today that the first settlers in their country consisted of a select group of Englishmen. Once that premise was accepted, it could be argued that the United States is the superior of any other American or any European nation, and to adopt a racial policy that is detrimental to the Italians. In the New World, there is no shortage of authorities who have reasoned that peace would be enduring in Europe if Europeans would only appeal for guidance to the best Anglo-Saxon minds, by which is meant the minds of various Americans.

Symptomatic of this point of view is the opinion, widely held in the United States and in England, that we have cited before, namely, that the Anglo-Saxons and the Jews have the same racial origin. In other words, the Anglo-Saxons are the direct descendants of the Chosen People, and that from them alone humanity must receive the light—from the descendants of the people who settled the British Isles at the time of the great Jewish migration known as Beth-Sak, or Sacae—hence the name Saxons.

Traces of Jewish symbolism still survive in England: the trident on the English penny, which is found on Jewish money of two thousand years ago, and the blue in the Union Jack which is derived from the color of the sacred Jewish parchment.

It is worth noting that in August of 1925 a congress was opened at "Waunita Hot Spring," Colo., where a resolution was adopted to "disseminate the doctrine that the Anglo-Saxons are the descendants of the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel; to prove that this race was selected by God to dominate on land and sea . . . and to bring to the understanding of Anglo-Saxons their privileges and their responsibilities by reason of their descent from Israel."

IN existence for many years is a parallel organization in England, with a membership of one million, presided over by Lord Gisborough and enjoying the high patronage of Princess Alice, cousin of his late Majesty George V. Appearing in its declaration is the assertion that "we belong to the Anglican race which propagated the principles of English liberty on earth and, wherever it spread, carried with it liberal institutions and law prompted by justice. We belong to that tribe whose evident mission it is, together with all other noble and sacred aims, to institute and preach civilization throughout the world."

Famous men have lent their names to propaganda unholding the concept that the highest manifestations of humanity were Semitic characteristics. In addition to numerous articles in their newspapers, including the *Times* (which, be it noted, spelt backwards reads *Semit*), justifying British action in Palestine (the native land of the Anglo-Jews), we have the word of their most learned scientists as to the similarity between Anglo-Saxon and Hebrew definitions. Moreover, anthropologists of indisputable fame also remark upon these similarities. This writer, present at the first International Congress of Anthropological and Ethnological Science, held at London in August 1934, heard the inaugural speech made by Sir G. Elliot, in the presence of Prince George and of high personalities or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the British Empire. In the course of that address the speaker declared that "the so-called primitive Aryan culture was due to Semitic influence, just as in the Middle Ages, in Europe, the Renaissance was the result of a combination of the Semitic influence in Spain and the Greek culture of the Oriental Mediterranean."

It is scarcely necessary to point out that in England, as well as in the United States, religion, science, banking, journalism, the cinema and the radio are entirely controlled by Jews; or that in cities the size of New York the synagogues outnumber the total of Catholic and Protestant churches by almost two to one. The Anglo-Saxon people are made to swallow every falsification of history. They are told, and referred for proofs to the "prophecies of the Great Pyramid of Egypt," that British rule will become world wide on January 31, 1947.

In England, these ideas are circulated to induce the British people to resist and not to become dispirited in the face of the unceasing defeats inflicted on them by Mussolini and Hitler. For us Italians, however, we know intuitively what will happen to the Anglo-Saxon people after the inevitable victory of the Axis.

Glasgow's Polish Choir

Scotland today has become a place of refuge for a great many people driven out of the Continent of Europe by Hitler's armies. Many of these are civilians; many are soldiers and sailors of nations temporarily in defeat. George Blake (*Home Service*, July 31) commented on the strangeness of this impact of foreign peoples on the dour, conservative, shy Scottish race. "It is no secret," he said, "that a number of Polish soldiers are stationed in a certain district of Scotland; and these soldiers, both officers and men, have formed a male voice choir of really first-rate quality. They started by practicing their own native songs. Then, out of compliment to their hosts, they learned the words of Scots songs phonetically and now sing them to the exquisite settings of their own conductor.

"Their first concert was given in a relatively small hall in Glasgow, but it was such a thundering success that they had to repeat it last Sunday night in a Glasgow picture house holding over 3,000 people, with many hundreds turned away at the door. I call your attention to the significance of these facts. Glasgow turning out in its thousands to hear a Polish choir singing secular music on a Sunday night. There—as was recently remarked—there's news for you!"

—*Listener*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twenty-five Years Ago

World events as interpreted by The Living Age, *October 1915*

IN THE *New Statesman*, "Plinthos" remarked, "It is the misfortune rather than the fault of the Christian Balkan States to be inconvenient to the Great Powers of Europe."

H. J. Jennings attempted, in the *British Review*, to make some kind of a rough estimate of the economic cost of the war. He concluded: "The first thought that occurs as one puts the figures together and tries to reckon up the tragic total is that half of Europe will be bankrupt at the finish. But the second thought should help to correct any momentary wave of despondency, because, apart from the question of indemnities which will be exacted to redress the balance of some of the accounts, one must not lose confidence in the recuperative qualities of humanity or doubt that they will play their great reconstructive part after this war as they have always done after other wars."

The *Saturday Review* warned against *The Folly of Belittling the Enemy*: "Let us not overlook for a moment the efficiency of the German war machine all round—lest we get overwhelmed and overlooked ourselves in the course of history. We have to catch up, to overtake the Germans not in shells and guns only—though these press enormously—but also in various other parts of the war machine. It is a satannically elaborate machine that moves as by clockwork—the campaign in Poland shows that. One had a glimmering of this truth last year when, after their difficulties and set-back at Liége, the German armies were driving with a vast momentum across Belgium—now one sees it absolutely."

The *Cornhill Magazine* published a paper which Stephen Paget had read at the Annual Meeting of the Parents' National Educational Union (of England), on methods of insuring that children would remember the war, "a duty which none but fools would neglect." One way was by "associating it with some bodily act. Little boys will best remember a wounded soldier if they take off their hats to him; and little girls should be not forbidden, but encouraged, to wave their handkerchiefs to the men marching, and, within a reasonable age-limit, to blow kisses to them. . . . Or the associated act might come not from the child, but from us. If I, for instance, walking with a small child, were to go down, at the sight of Lord Kitchener—as well I might—on my bended knees, and praise Heaven for him, the child would not fail to remember that Lord Kitchener had really been there."

According to William F. Bailey in the *Fortnightly Review*, the horrors of the German occupation were such that Polish villagers had a custom of burning themselves alive in their homes rather than fall into German hands.

Discussing *Modern Treaties of*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peace, in the *Contemporary Review*, John Macdonell wrote: "The facts epitomized here may be of use as guides or, still oftener, as warnings for the future. . . . Treaties of peace are the true and durable records of military results; probably equitable, if those results have been indecisive, generally ruthless if they have ended after large sacrifices in complete victory to one of the belligerents. For, after reading of late many such treaties, I am struck by the absence in the majority of them of all signs of chivalry, forebearance or generosity to the vanquished. They almost all indicate a desire to use force to the utmost limit; the diplomatist continues, sometimes with less mercy, the work of the soldier; so that most treaties of peace are the completion or aggravation of crimes. Rarely do they seem to be the work of statesmen who, for the sake of durable harmony, are willing to sacrifice passing advantages. . . . Generally framed with reference to passing exigencies and in order to obtain the maximum of advantages to the conqueror, they are monuments of the limited foresight of diplomacy."

IN THE *Edinburgh Review*, A. Shadwell discussed *German War Literature*. The British press had published extracts from German newspapers from time to time, but they, he said, were "too much under the influence and control of official authority to be a trustworthy mirror of public opinion. The Germans themselves believe their newspapers to be the best, the most independent and the most trustworthy in the world; but that is one of their innumerable delusions about the superiority of their own institutions," while, "the lecturers and writers of pamphlets and books are more independent and more original. Indeed, they supply both the newspapers and the authorities with ideas and arguments. . . . They represent intellectual authority, whose decrees are accepted not less submissively than those of the police in civil life." He thought it was a delusion to believe that the war was being fought against the Kaiser and that "we have no quarrel with the German people," but that, "if part of the energy expended on explaining—for the thousandth time—the origin of the war and on empty denunciations and foolish jeers had been devoted to studying the German state of mind it would have profited us more." He found the attitude of the intellectuals the same as that of the Junkers. One of the illustrations, from a pamphlet, *Deutsche Art und Deutsche Bildung*, by Dr. Adolf Lasson, professor of philosophy at the University of Berlin, might have been taken from today's *Völkischer Beobachter*:

"Germany is the land of the Center, and German *Kultur* holds a central position. The whole of European *Kultur*, which is, in effect, universal human *Kultur*, is focussed as by a lens on this German soil and in the heart of the German people. It would be foolish to affect to speak on this point with modesty and reticence. We Germans represent the latest and highest product of European *Kultur* in general. On that rests our self-consciousness in all its strength and fullness."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poems of the Month

Selected by OSCAR WILLIAMS

(Editor's Note: In this new department, a selection will be made each month of the best poems from sources all over the world. It is hoped that these examples will interpret the age in which we live and be of enduring substance, rather than of the light material which is spoken of as "magazine verse.")

The Inflatable Globe

(From FURIOSO: A Magazine of Verse)

When the allegorical man came calling,
He told us all he would show us a trick,
And he showed us a flat but inflatable ball.
"Look at this ball," he told us all;
"Look at the lines marked out on this ball."
We looked at the ball and the lines on the ball:
England was red, and France was blue;
Germany orange and Russia brown:
"Look at this ball," he told us all,
"With a blow of my breath I inflate this ball."
He blew, and it bounced, and bouncing, falling,
He bounced it against the wall with a kick,
"But without my breath it will flatten and fall,"
Said the allegorical man; and down
Flat came his hand and squashed the ball,
And it fell on the floor with no life at all
Once his breath had gone out of the ball . . . .
It seemed to us all a stupid trick.

—Theodore Spencer

Contemporary Song

(From FURIOSO: A Magazine of Verse)

"When the weather is rough," said the anxious child,
"Is the wise man out or in?
Which does the wise man love," said the child,
"His own, or another's skin?
What does the wise man do," said the child,
"Does he watch the thread, or spin?"
The heavens sagged; there was nothing to say.

"When the guns are out," said the anxious child,
"Does the wise man grasp a gun?
Which does the wise man hate," said the child,
"Himself, or everyone?
"What does the wise man do," said the child,
"When the battle's never won?"
The heavens sagged; there was nothing to say.

—Theodore Spencer

Desires of Men and Women

(From THE SOUTHERN REVIEW)

Exasperated, worn, you conjure a mansion,
The absolute butlers in the spacious hall,
Old silver, lace, and privacy, a house
Where nothing has for years been out of place,
Neither shoehorn nor affection been out of place,
Breakfast in summer on the eastern terrace,
All justice and all grace.

At the reception
Most beautifully you conduct yourselves—
Expensive and accustomed, bow, speak French,
That Cinquecento miniature recall
The Duke presented to your great-grandmother—

And none of us, my dears, would dream of you
The half-lit and lascivious apartments
That are in fact your goal, for which you'd do
Murder if you had not your cowardice
To prop the law; or dream of you the rooms,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Glaring and inconceivably vulgar,
Where now you are, where now you wish for life,
Whence you project your naked fantasies.

—John Berryman

Conversation

(From THE SOUTHERN REVIEW)

Whether the moorings are invisible
Or gone, we said we could not tell.
But argument held one thing sure
That none of us that night could well endure:
The ship is locked with fog, no man aboard
Can see what he is moving toward,
There's little food, less love, no sleep,
The sea is dark and we are told it's deep.

Where is an officer who knows this coast?
If all such men long since have faced
Downward, one summon. Who knows how,
With what fidelity his voice heard now
Could shout directions from the ocean's floor?
Traditional characters no more
Their learned simple parts rehearse,
But bed them down at last from the time's curse.

A broken log fell out upon the hearth,
The flaming harbinger come forth
Of holocausts that night and day
Shrivel from the mind its sovereignty.
We watched the embers cool; those embers brought
To one man there the failing thought
Of cities stripped of knowledge, men,
Our continent a wilderness again.

These are conclusions of the night, we said;
And drank, and were not satisfied.
The fire died down, smoke in the air
Took the alarming postures of our fear;
The overhead horror, in the padded room
The man who cannot tell his name,
The guns and enemies that face
Into this delicate and dangerous place.

—John Berryman

Lament and Triumph

(From Lament and Triumph, Faber and Faber)

When the women who mourn in my head with tears
That tip my lids like mistletoe, are Joy's birds
Nuzzling in the fluted nests of my ears,
Or when the heart's beat has its line of words,
And when the clockwork world of alarums is done,
I shall come out and lie naked and sweet in the sun
Gazing at those fantastic Harlequin flies
Pirouetting on rubbish heaps in August,
I think I live like them, and when one dies
I feel its tremors in my own bones' dust:
But then the carnival comets of the night,
The glow-worm and glitter-fly make me bright.
Here as I stand in the garbage of a world,
The broken pillars and arches on my shoulder,
Chaos of spiritual collapse tossed and whirled
Like rags and leaves around me, I shudder.
Then I see the million major men
Fly crying from the end of man:
And as I go among the broken and fallen,
Monumental in their attitudes of agony,
Cleansing their sores with words of anger,
Laving their hurt with my heart's pollen:
It is a dream—I am myself those ones
On whom a world has fallen its tons.
Then a gentle ghost swings up to me
Admonishing like a windy waving tree:
Fellow, it said, follow what I now speak—
There is one way to restore this wreckage:
I'm Einstein and Aeschylus and I'm Truth—
Keep me in mind, and suffer ruth for me.

—George Barker

The British Museum Reading Room

(From POETRY: A Magazine of Verse)

Under the hive-like dome the stooping haunted readers
Go up and down the alleys, tap the cells of knowledge—
Honey and wax, the accumulation of years—
Some on commission, some for the love of learning,
Some because they have nothing better to do
Or because they hope these walls of books will deaden
The drumming of the demon in their ears.

Cranks, hacks, poverty-stricken scholars,
In pince-nez, period hats or romantic beards

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And cherishing their hobby or their doom
Some are too much alive and some are asleep
Hanging like bats in a world of inverted values,
Folded up in themselves in a world which is safe and silent:
This is the British Museum Reading Room.

Out on the steps in the sun the pigeons are courting,
Puffing their ruffs and sweeping their tails or taking
A sun-bath at their ease
And under the totem poles—the ancient terror—
Between the enormous fluted Ionic columns
There seeps from heavily jowled or hawk-like foreign faces
The guttural sorrow of the refugees.

—Louis MacNeice

Poem

(From THE KENYON REVIEW)

Unique and drifting ball,
Half shining and half shade,
Where screaming we were laid
And groaning we shall fall,
Some of us still at home
Squabbling over the will,
Paying the chemist's bill
Before the bailiffs come,
Locking the attic door,
Wiping away the fallen
Blood and hiding the stolen
Rubies under the floor;
Some go from spa to spa
Painting their eyelids blue,
When Biarritz is through
Heading for Panama;
Some masked as visitors
Gorilla stooped or tall
In turban or overall
Entering forbidden doors,
Entering an alien land,
Watching the dancers swarm
While in the howling storm
The masked assassins stand:
Some in ancestral halls
Sitting with pipe and dog
Stare at the burning log
While the great midnight falls;
Down the white beach and under
The whispering colonnade,
Predatory, afraid,
Our aimless spirits wander.
It began long long ago
When the weaker first grew stronger,
It will all go on much longer
Than any of us know,
And somewhere we lie lost
In the hiatus, the cool
Ripple over the pool
Left in that hollow coast.

—Frederic Prokosch

White Collar Ballad

(From POETRY: A Magazine of Verse)

There are lots of places to go:
Guaranteed headaches at every club,
Plush and golden cinemas that always show
How cunningly the heroine and hero rub.
Put on your hat, put on your gloves.
But there isn't any love, there isn't any love.

There are endless things we could do:
Walk around the block, watch the skaters whirl,
Promenade the park or see the newest zoo,
Plan for the future in a sensible world.
The water boils on the stove,
But there isn't any love, there isn't any love.

Our best friends lived in the house next door.
Went around to call on them the other day,
But they nadn't left an address or a word before
They packed their bags and moved away.
We could call on the people on the floor above,
But there wouldn't be any love, there wouldn't be any love.

It hadn't use to be like this at all.
You wanted lots of money and I got it somehow.
Once it was Summer. Here it's almost Fall.
It isn't any season now.
There are seasons in the future to be thinking of,
But there won't be any love, there won't be any love.

—Weldon Kees

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters and the Arts

By ALFRED KREYMBORG

IN THE fall of the year or the spring of a new art season, the bombing industry abroad and the task of girding ourselves against being bombed at home continue to steal the headlines and to fatten them hourly. One used to sit down to a work of art with some detachment, or to that secondary activity: criticism of a work of art. Even the birds of a countryside recently left behind by the city dweller who has the luxury of living with songsters in the summertime and with industrial machines the rest of the year —even these birds had begun to warble, so it seemed, in foreign strains or falsetti. The human voices in the American metropolis had grown so subdued that only one voice rose clear above the traffic: the voice of William Saroyan cajoling the critics. Not even Brooks Atkinson's beautiful mot—"If I remember right, in the beginning the word was God and not Saroyan"—could silence the shrewdly naîve Armenian.

In the march of human events overseas, King George, walking among the debris of Cheapside, was heard to remark with all the bland understatement of the British high or low: "We shall have to do our sleeping by day and stay awake at night." Many theaters, after an excellent summer season, have been forced to hang out the sign, "No Performance Tonight," in accordance with the latest serenade in the German moonlight. But the English are fairly good beavers: they have dug underground and reared small movie houses for people whose nerves need a little relaxation against the inventions of Baron Münchhausen or the subterranean visions of Jules Verne. Prophecies these days are worth about a dime a dozen in the face of actual events, and your world-famed novelist, who requires a number of years for a masterly composition, is suddenly left behind by a world of journalists. Being so closely affected by events in all parts of the globe, our constant reader wants news and more news and needs it quick—"Quick, Watson, the needle!" Tons of paper are fed to the presses and tons again in the wink of an eye until deforestation threatens to become our principal industry. One hears the typewriters of countless brethren of the press ticking off countless dispatches and submarine cables writhing and overwhelmed. And there's nothing on earth so tired as a journalist after a day's report. Or after the hour's, the minute's, the second's. Time has started its own blitzkrieg.

Meanwhile, England, mother of modern literature, has run into a scarcity of paper and the problem has arisen of limiting the production of books to works of outstanding merit. This sounds like a welcome problem were it not for the corollary that publishers are not to be trusted as arbiters of taste. Nor can we trust the good public to purchase what is supposedly best. With raw human meat exposed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the London streets, it would take more than an omniscient god to say what the authors should write and the publishers print and the surviving public consume. Thrillers must pale before the thrillers of the sundown and our dependence on the funny man as a source of escape is no longer reliable. But publishers have always been in the dark where the public is concerned and they will have to resort to some deeper guessing. In any event, authorship is the greatest gamble of all and authors have been known to survive an income of nothing whatsoever per year. The wretched problem that attacks an author in the privacy of his own strange being is how to write a few lines that are strong enough to resist dating overnight. This is true of all bloody eras and truest of all right now. Each line he writes must cover not one time, but all times, and this is something only genius can solve. And this world of ours, even in productive times, has never been overloaded with genius.

THE recent death in Fascist Italy of Giulio Gatti-Casazza brings still another truth to our shores, and one we may build on. For twenty-seven years, from 1908 to 1935, Gatti-Casazza, with the aid of Toscanini and Mahler and a host of the leading operatic stars, lifted the Metropolitan Opera House to the height of its particular era, and he did this in the face of a diamond horseshoe which preferred its own person to the personalities of Mozart, Wagner, Verdi and the younger Italians. He reduced enormous egos and salaries and worked toward the severely artistic demands of a perfect ensemble, and in this he had the great fortune of being guided by Toscanini. Even after the quarrel with Arturo in 1915, Gatti carried on, but he carried on with more and more opposition of stockholders behind the scene. He weathered the crash of 1929, and even ventured so far as to encourage native opera by presenting sixteen works by American composers, most of which deserved no such recognition. Only one American work has been mounted since Gatti's resignation five years ago.

Last year the Metropolitan was threatened with the necessity of closing its doors for lack of funds. The cynics among us said, well and good! Opera is an outmoded form and who wants to hear Tristan again? Apparently some people did, many of whom had never heard an opera in the flesh, but had to resort to discs and radios in far-distant places. The nation-wide drive to save the "Met" through the raising of a million-dollar fund has been achieved, and what do we feel behind those scenes? This phase was brought home to your correspondent at the annual meeting of the National Committee for Music Appreciation which was held in the Grand Ball Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, and there he was permitted to listen and reflect on the curious destiny of his people.

As a boy he had attended performance after performance at the "Met," and he had done so by saving every possible coin toward paying for the dollar standing room in the dim Family Circle, miles removed from the stage. Apparently, this lad had come to life again on this, his first, visit to the Waldorf ballroom, and here he was told that not the patrons and financiers as of yore, had saved the old haunt of music, but a new crop

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Americans, the common democratic mass—these little fellows had saved it. Word went round that the two grand tiers of boxes were being removed and that ordinary seats would take their place. Nothing was said about prices, but doubtless these would have to come down as well. Excellent talk was bandied about in re the place of the composer among his people and of the place of the people in the art of the composer. It was even said that these two essentials had lost track of each other in Europe and that their relation was to be re-established on American soil. This argument sounded reasonable and feasible and everyone dined well and listened well.

IRONICALLY enough, the hero of the meeting was another East Side boy, one Irving Berlin, whose *God Bless America*, first written some years ago and then revived for Miss Kate Smith, closed the program, and was not alone sung by the choristers on-stage, but by the entire auditorium of tables and endless tables, a dozen persons per table, and two tiers of tables in boxes overhead. The little Berlin, modest to a vanishing degree, had never spoken in public before. Well, what Irving couldn't say the music said for him—and especially the last line which sounded like *Home, Sweet Home*. Only the other day I had read that you can buy Otto Kahn's million dollar estate for $75,000 and that the Westchester County people had refused the Samuel Untermyer estate as a gift and were now declining to accept it in his will! I've seen quite a few Americas, but none quite like this. What are we coming to—where are we going—what next, what next? Are we really coming to democracy?

Organ for Free Frenchmen

When are the British newspapers going to do something about providing news in French for the thousands of free French people now in this country? Captain Jacques Métadier, a member of the former French Embassy in London, put forward a very urgent plea for this concession to his countrymen at a meeting of the Post-War Bureau last Friday. Why not, for that matter, an "Allies newspaper," with sections for the French, Poles, Czechs, Belgians, and Dutch in this country, each section printed in the language of each ally? Here, surely, is a good propaganda-potential being sadly neglected, for so far as a great many are concerned, very little English can be read or spoken, and the fifth columnist who is also a linguist can work at a great advantage in the absence of an official newspaper which can be read by all nationalities.

—*Time and Tide*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking of Books

By LEON BRYCE BLOCH

SOME ten or twelve years ago I was involved in a memorable discussion of Marxism and communism with a group of Communist party members. These five or six individuals of whom I now speak were part of the intellectual, cultural and artistic cream of a New York "cell." And I call the discussion memorable because it pointed up in unforgettable outline the basic untenability of Communist ideology, and the destructiveness of its corrosive sublimates to the spirit, will and mind of man.

After some general preliminaries we found ourselves talking of Marx, his background and his philosophy. Now I discovered for the first time that these people, the setters of policy and the ostensible creators of philosophy for Communists in this country, were convinced that Karl Marx was an intellectual sport who owed nothing to the past for his new conclusions in "scientific" sociology. I was so amazed to be confronted with this rather impossible notion that, a little naively, I began to trace the roots of Marx and Engels to the Greek and German philosophers from whom they stem. My guests—they had come to my home because it was a dinner meeting and my wife, they knew, would furnish an excellent repast—immediately launched a vituperative attack, replete with *argumentum ad hominem*, at my mention of the fact that Hegel, the precurser of the exponents of dialectic materialism, was on much sounder ground. They refused to be reasonable and all mention of logic was greeted by indecent asides. The science of Marx was all that existed for them.

At a loss to explain their parochialism—this was my first foray in Socratic dialectics with Communists—I took a poll of those present to determine how much they had read of the classic philosophers in general and Hegel in particular. I discovered that they all knew something of Hegel, had heard or read summations of his philosophy; none had studied Hegel or any of the German philosophers, Zeno, Heraclitus, Democritus, Plato, Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinus, Locke, Mill . . . but why go on. The philosophers familiar to any neophyte in thought were to them dimly remembered names whose ideas were so unimportant that they were best forgotten. Marx began a new era and all that went before was good only for the gentiles. All time, space and thought was measured by Marx, so that an event or an idea came Before Marx or After Marx. Ideas dating before Marx could be disregarded since they must be without benefit of the divine revelation of the master. Those ideas dating after Marx were to be measured for validity by whether or not the master's word had reached into their author's heart and brought salvation.

Marxism had become a religion that could not be discussed, because

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unless one accepted the existence of the Communist gods without question there was no agreement even as to definition of terms. Those gods are called "dialectic materialism," "surplus value," "economic determinism" and "class struggle."

WHY HAVE I gone into all this detail about these deluded people, you say. It is because I must point out the hopelessness of reaching those individuals he should reach, to James Edward LeRossignol. He probably is aware of this disability, for he has written several books dealing with communism before producing *From Marx to Stalin*.

Whatever his purpose, however, Mr. LeRossignol (who is dean of the college of business administration at the University of Nebraska) has written an excellent "examination and criticism of communism." There is nothing particularly new in the volume, but its virtue lies in the clear exposition of "Marxism" and an evaluation of its strengths and weaknesses. The material is excellently organized and the basic theses of socialism are treated with dialectical directness.

The sources of socialism are carefully investigated, including a careful examination of early Christian doctrine concerning the "use of all worldly things common to all," Plato's aristocratic communism, St. Augustine, Thomas More and others. Mr. LeRossignol also treats briefly the communist experiments in this country by Robert Owen and Fourier. But, Marx and Engels despised all these men and their theories, even though the authors of the Manifesto borrowed from them. Perhaps Marx and Engels despised them because they owed them so much. This would be sound psychological cause and effect. And Mr. LeRossignol points out that Marx was embittered by his early environment, which made his mind a fertile field for a crop of hate. The fact that he was a despised Rhineland Jew, his rebuffs in his attempts to teach, his poverty and separation from his roots, all conspired to fill him with a sense of inferiority and a hunger to belong. So he had to invent a "different" and "better" system to justify his own failures and neglect.

Thus the outstanding difference between Marx and his socialist predecessors and contemporaries was Karl's marked hatred of everyone except those who were to be part of his new system—the proletariat. He created a "bourgoisie" as a whipping boy as Hitler created "world Jewry" in a later day. Each had to have an object of hate and contumely. But these classes were very loosely defined and often flowed into each other. Marx also hated institutions of all kinds, first, because socialism, by nature, was a philosophy of destruction and, second, because Marx felt that these institutions were the cause of his misery.

One of the great weaknesses of Marxism is the fundamental belief that man is the result of his institutions—not the institutions the result of man. Marx and those who accept him have said time after time, and held to the statement of faith as though all their lives depended on it, that man is the result of his economic system. Then that theory is weakened by the admission that this is not true of primitive man (who, they believe —but of course that does not influence the conclusion—was communistic);

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if it is not true of primitive man we should be told at just what point, and by what conjunction of constellations, these vicious economic systems burst into being.

Because of this theory (as obviously false as that man creates God, because God is a reflection of nature in man's eyes) communism has neglected the individual all through history. But with the coming of Stalin, that negative neglect reaches a positive contempt. Thus, Marx's theory —that the state (always an undesirable element) will, during the interim stage of dictatorship of the proletariat, "shrivel up," and disappear with the coming of the classless society—is negated by Mr. Stalin. Stalin has glorified the state and solidified it in the U.S.S.R. For the first time in history a socialist has destroyed the foundation of socialism.

In reading *From Marx to Stalin* one is struck again by the realization that the Marxian ideas are so tentative, and that they are somehow invalid—and most of them are proven so. Here is a political group, we feel, riding a theory, or a mass of theories, and fitting facts to them as best they can. And if the facts won't fit, the facts are butchered and trimmed to heart's desire.

One of Marx's theories, at least, that of the inevitable class struggle, has had unfortunate results for the world. There is no doubt that class struggle was a needed purgative for the co-author of *Das Kapital*. Probably Stalin would have preferred international struggle, as has Hitler, since the show would be grander, but he knew he would never attain a position in which he could make an international war possible. But Marx's theory of classes has been adapted by Hitler and in his hands becomes racism. In the hands of Stalin it becomes something partaking of the natures of both classism and racism. One is either a communist (one of the elect) or a non-communist. The communist is the pure, enduring race, and holds the key to world salvation. This elect race has all the attributes of any other ethnic group. *Das Kapital* is its bible, Lenin its entombed god, Stalin its prophet, dictatorship of the proletariat its purgatory and the classless society its second coming, with heaven on earth.

THAT Marx foresaw some of the dangers inherent in his philosophy is certain. But it is doubtful whether he dreamed of complete denial in Soviet Russia. First, he had little love for the things Russia stood for or had developed and believed that communism would come first in the more advanced states. But there is prophetic vision in his words, as quoted by Lenin, "I have sowed dragons and have gathered a harvest of fleas."

Though Stalinism is fraught with a confusion of illogicalities, its effects in practical politics have been great. Today it rises as the outstanding threat (together with it's product and ally, nazism) to all that man has labored, and died, to build through the ages.

One cannot read *From Marx to Stalin* without being smitten by this fact.

And that brings us to another book, which I will just briefly mention and pass on. That is *The Rape of the Masses*, by Serge Chakotin, which is a psychological study of world violence. Although this work is written

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a scientific jargon that most laymen will find difficult, it is a fine exposition of the technique of dictators. If we always bear in mind that these dictators were created by hate and fattened on illusions, we will not make the mistake of expecting one dictator to stop another, whether his name be Hitler, Mussolini or Stalin.

A third volume that should be read along with these others is William C. Bullitt's *Report to the American People*, if for no other reason than to emphasize the conclusion these others bring—that dictatorship is a nightmare to be avoided more carefully than the plague, but additionally because it will help awaken America to the dangers abroad in the world.

Mr. Justice Stone and the Spirit of the Common Law, by Moses J. Aronson, is a pamphlet containing an article reprinted from the Cornell Law Quarterly. This is an excellent and valuable piece of social philosophy which defends "the law" from the charge that it lags far behind social evolution. The author ends with a plea for re-examination of the teachings of those leaders who have replenished the ways of justice in our Anglo-American civilization. His closing words sum up the feelings of most of us. He says:

"Moreover, the value of such a constructive effort of interpretation (Anglo-American) may perhaps be considered to be enhanced at this particular moment when a different philosophy of law is illuminating its contracting way of justice by the light of incendiary bombs and in the glare of bonfires which once were peace-abiding communities, centers of that complex of sublimated forces properly known as Christian civilization."

FROM MARX TO STALIN. *By J. E. Le Rossignol. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 442 pages. $3.00.*

THE RAPE OF THE MASSES. *By Serge Chakotin. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 310 pages. $3.00.*

REPORT TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. *By William C. Bullitt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 29 pages. $.50.*

MR. JUSTICE STONE AND THE SPIRIT OF THE COMMON LAW. *By Moses J. Aronson. New York: Journal of Social Philosophy. 22 pages.*

●

THE DREAM WE LOST—SOVIET RUSSIA THEN AND NOW. *By Freda Utley. New York: The John Day Company. 1940. 371 pages. $2.75.*

WHOLE libraries of books about Russia have been published. The first were written by enthusiastic converts who were taken to the Soviet Union on conducted tours to see the rebirth of the famous "Potemkin villages" representing Russia as a paradise on earth. These visitors were shown only what they wanted to see, in their innocent faith. No book expressing a divergent opinion could be published in America, up to a few years ago; either it would have no sale or it could not pass the ideological barricades in the minds of the publishers' readers.

The second period for books about Russia began after the famous Moscow trials, when at least a percentage of the innocent intellectuals, who had succumbed to the vision of Stalin's paradise, began to express their doubts and to write more critical analyses. It began to appear that unquestioning belief in the perfection and beauty of the "Workers Fatherland" was weakening with the appearance of a book on Soviet Russia by a foreign correspondent who had gone to the land of the "great experiment" with high faith. This book became a best seller.

Since then, the number of books debunking Stalinia almost equals that of those glorify-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing it. But, undoubtedly, the most remarkable of all these books, the most readable and the most informative, is that of Freda Utley, a former British Communist who has held important posts in the Communist International, in the Commisariat of Foreign Trade and in the Communist Academy. She lived in Russia, with her Russian husband, a prominent specialist, for six years, until he was snatched by the OGPU and *spurlos versenkt*.

Miss Utley's dramatic personal history occupies less than a third of the book—the other two thirds are a searching and scholarly analysis of life in Soviet Russia. She explains the moral decay and degradation of a whole nation forced to witness and approve of crimes against the body and soul of man in the name of socialist ideals. She explains how distrust and hatred of all intellectuals has become one of Stalin's main characteristics.

But, this book is not lacking in humor and good nature.

It is regrettable that in her concluding chapter she advocates a negotiated peace between Hitler and England. She fears that a prolonged war, followed by the destruction of European civilization, would make Stalin the undisputed ruler of Europe.

—Stephen Naft

J'Accuse! The Men Who Betrayed France. *By André Simone. New York: The Dial Press. 354 pages. $2.50.*

Guilty Men. *By "Cato." New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 144 pages. $1.50.*

Aside from many errors in fact, aside from its absurd title, lurid style and some comic over-simplifications, there is something exceedingly spurious about this account of venal politics in France in the years just preceding the outbreak of war and the ten months before the capitulation. The book purports to be by one André Simone, the pseudonym of a Paris journalist. In style, this ostensible translation is about as French in its locutions as Damon Runyon's. The publishers, who doubtless accepted the manuscript in good faith, do not disclose who translated the book, if anyone did; they will only say that the author is "known personally" to André Géraud, the famed "Pertinax," now in this country, and to M. W. Fodor, another writer on foreign affairs, and that they hope to be able to reveal the name of the author and translator about November 15.

In neither style nor viewpoint is there any clue in *J'Accuse!* to the identity of "André Simone," although so-called foreign experts on Paris newspapers almost all have an unmistakable stamp and attitude. The author relates that he escaped by ship from Bordeaux last June, as did a number of newspapermen, and there appears no conceivable reason for his anonymity. Such well-known journalists and writers as the aforesaid Pertinax, Geneviève Tabouis, André Maurois, Odette Keun and others are fearlessly rushing into print, attributing responsibility for the debacle under their own names. Why M. Simone's timidity?

If the author, on the other hand, revealed some particularly choice venality, his reluctance to use his own name, or to name the newspaper for which he worked in Paris, might be readily comprehended. (The publishers say that a reason for the anonymity is that M. Simone's family still resides in France, and that he fears reprisals at Nazi hands. He can banish his fears.) But M. Simone writes of nothing that has not been written often before, more fully and more pungently; he or his ghost-translator's chief contribution in this rehash is the lavish use of exclamation-marks, together with such trenchant phrases (applied to Sarraut) as "an aging Casanova" and (applied to Bonnet) "his ambition was longer than his nose." It is a libel on John Gunther to compare his superb thumb-nail sketches of French political figures to those, in extenso, of M. Simone; but perhaps there is compensation for Mr. Gunther in the fact that the chapter in *J'Accuse!* on Laval bears all the earmarks of an amateurish adaptation of pp. 184-185 of the last edition of *Inside Europe*, down to M. Laval's washable white necktie.

Like many other contemporary historians, if he may be grouped among them, M. Simone engages in that popular and sometimes profitable enterprise of making copy out of other people's vices. But he is very cautious, presumably because there is not a line of documentation in the book. But the cautiousness and the lack of documentation seem odd: there is a wealth of documenta-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion available if one has the energy and time to examine the committee reports of both houses of the French Parliament; or the books and articles of Alexander Werth, or the parallel exposés of Leon Daudet, and a host of others, French, English and American. They are available in any large library. (In M. Maurois' forthcoming book, he lays about him without fear, and under his own name; the core of the problem in relating the corruption of the Third Republic is to decide what documentation—in the appalling mass of literature on the subject—to omit within the confines of one book.) Boldly, however, M. Simone falls back on "my informant," "it was rumored," "a former minister confided to me," "in the opinion of some circles," "rumors were rife," etc. Carleton Beals, who writes the foreword to this unconscious buffoonery, argues that "this is a book that only a Frenchman could have written." If a Frenchman wrote any substantial part of this innocuous narrative, and it was not a "quickie" production by an American rewrite-man not too knowledgeable over conditions in pre-blitzkrieg France, this reviewer will buy Mr. Beals a sumptuous dinner, with cigar.

In the unredundant French language, this reviewer wonders by what phrase "aristocratic drawing-rooms" was expressed, or even, "sitzkrieg." We wonder what the French was for "he was destined to follow the *legal* profession"; and of other weird locutions derived, supposedly, from the French. As to facts, M. Simone seems not to have been over-careful. M. Maurois, who as chief liaison officer between the French and British governments was in a position to know and was at the scene, has testified in articles that Mr. Churchill never met the French cabinet at Tours; and M. Simone's assertion that in the Stavisky rioting the *Camelots du roi* and other fascist-minded leaders howled, "We want Pétain!" will be news to a good many correspondents who were in the Place de la Concorde and the rue Royale almost seven years ago. Perhaps all of them, save M. Simone, were deaf.

But M. Simone's rehash is sometimes informative, for all its florid style. The subtitle, beneath which the translator's name is missing, describes the work as "the inside story of the men who betrayed the French nation"; only one-half of it, however, is biographical, and M. Simone is more educational in his straight narration of Munich, Prague, the approach of war, and its outbreak.

Guilty Men, by "Cato," is no meretricious and inexpert warming-over of old facts and fables. This is a marshaling of the evidence of negligence, plain ignorance and myopia of the "fifteen British 'Men of Munich,'" as the author labels these members of the Conservative Party and, by and large, it is a terrible indictment. The facts are not new. But here are the chief appeasers, and the culprits upon whom must fall most onerously the responsibility for Britain's lack of sufficient army material, fighters and bombers. The defendants named by "Cato" are Neville Chamberlain, Sir John Simon, Sir Samuel Hoare, Ramsay MacDonald, Baldwin, Halifax, Sir Kingsley Wood, Ernest Brown, Captain David Margesson, Sir Horace Wilson, Sir Thomas Inskip, Leslie Burgin, Lord Stanhope, W. S. Morrison and Sir Reginald Dorman Smith. Individually, "Cato" examines their fitness for office in the light of their failure to take warning from successive events in the Rhineland, Ethiopia, Austria, Spain and Czechoslovakia. As might be expected, the preponderence of the charges of criminal neglect fall upon Mr. Chamberlain who, the author reiterates, "didn't exert (himself) to any great extent in the arming of our country, even after we had clashed into war with the most tremendous military power of all times." With comprehensible bitterness and irony, the author italicizes Mr. Chamberlain's preposterous confidence when, last April 3, he declared that "whether it was that Hitler thought he might get away with what he had got without fighting for it, or whether it was that, after all, his preparations were not sufficiently complete, one thing is certain—he missed the bus."

Guilty Men is more a philippic than a dispassionate summary of the often incredible foibles of some leaders (Churchill excepted by "Cato") among the British Conservatives. He ends with a demand that "the men who are now repairing the breaches in our walls should not carry along with them those who let the walls fall into ruin. The nation is united to a man in its desire to prosecute the war in total form: there must be a similar unity in the national confidence. Let the guilty men retire, then, of their own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

volition, and so make an essential contribution to the victory upon which all are implacably resolved."

If the reader of *Guilty Men* is curious over the identity of "Cato," the publishers will swear that they have heard at various times that he is H. G. Wells, Hore-Belisha, Duff-Cooper, A. P. Herbert, Lord Beaverbrook and Randolph Churchill. Take your choice. —LAMAR MIDDLETON

POETS AND POETRY

Goodbye to Yesterday

By EUGENE JOLAS

THE POET abhors regimentation. He is a born anarch. His is the visionary élan, and he seeks forever absolute values. Can he be an activist? I am sorry to have to say *no* to Archibald MacLeish, whose recently published essay *The Irresponsibles* challenges all those who believe in the autonomy of poetry. His pamphlet is a new and, we might say, an American version, of Julien Benda's *Treason of the Clerks*, published in 1928. Mr. MacLeish adds little to that interpretation. To be sure, as a human being the poet reacts to the barbarism of his surroundings with all the force of the liberty-loving individual. But as a creator, he simply records a kind of paroxystic emotion before the social convulsions he witnesses. He certainly sympathizes with the cry for freedom and the universal hatred against Nazi despotism. Yet Mr. MacLeish would be more convincing if he were less the political partisan (which he undoubtedly is) than merely the humanist creator. There is a great *political* poem by Heinrich Heine which, as far as I am aware, none of the political poets of today have ever duplicated in violence and lyric force. But he lives as a poet of love. I cannot say that Edna St. Vincent Millay's poem *There Are No Islands Any More* approximates in the slightest degree to poetry. We may dismiss it as the expression of a poet whose conviction and sincerity are obvious, but whose creative spirit has burned out. Nor is Stephen Vincent Benét's far superior poem of protest, *Nightmare at Noon*, more than a versified editorial which leaves you cold. These ubiquitous tracts about the poet's role in the present, quite unsatisfactory, civilization, and especially Mr. MacLeish's public speeches, begin to annoy me. It is a complete misunderstanding of the essence of poetry.

Fortunately there are other tendencies. I am interested in seeing some American poets engaged in an attempt to write lyric rhythms in which the conquest of the law of gravitation is a basic direction. Muriel Rukeyser, Selden Rodman, Kay Boyle seek a solution in the modern myth of aeronautics, in the myth of Icarus. Others, like Raymond E. F. Larsson, Elder Olson, Richard Eberhart, the present writer, seek it in the metaphysical transmutation of values. They feel, with Franz Werfel, "that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the revolutionary movements in literature of the last decades are nothing but passionate attempts to safeguard the nihilistic state of the time-spirit from the metaphysical peril." Flight is the theme. Not ivory-tower escape. But existential flying. Flight into space and time. Flight toward astronomic marvels. Flight into the night and dream. Flight into the cosmos. Flight to a transcendental reality. Flight to God.

Poetry is truly becoming cosmic. A voice long neglected in American poetry—at least since The New England transcendentalists—is being heard again. It is the voice of mystic aspiration, of the nostalgia for ascension. It is an attempt to conquer the fear of existing which the present mechanistic civilization of totalitarianism has accentuated for some years. It is an attempt to declare the primacy of the logos. Jean-Pierre Jouve, De Miloscz, T. S. Eliot, Rainer Maria Rilke foreshadowed it. So did James Joyce. So did Pablo Picasso and André Masson. They were not afraid to face the great paralysis before the catastrophe. They were not unwilling to represent violence and death. They suffered with humanity in its social and religious convulsions. Certain American poets are willing to draw the consequences from this ideological dissociation. They are engaged on a pilgrimage to the holy grail. They want to emancipate man from his organic anguish by insisting that he look at the stars again.

THIS is a verticalist tendency. The outlines are still somewhat nebulous, but we can already see certain contours emerging from the mist of words and sounds. There is a new aspiration towards a communal feeling, a romantic reconstruction, a revolt against individualism. Poetry seeks a return to myth and ritual. It seeks to capture a sense of ecstasy and stupor before the cosmic forces. It seeks to reinstate the sacred, and it combats the utilitarian and mechanistic tyranny of the machine by sublimating the technological, by giving it spiritual dimensions. It is in revolt against the pseudo-religious myths of the dictators. The ritualistic renaissance which could be observed here and there on the European continent for the past few decades is beginning to take place in America also. In Europe men with delicate antennae broke new ground. They pushed back the frontiers of consciousness and language, and I regret to say that ignorant littérateurs, with three-dimensional minds, still sneer at the innovators. A group of young men in Paris, dissatisfied with the surréalist cul de sac, Marxist naturalism, and the frenetic preoccupation with the political theme, banded themselves together, and, in great obscurity, constructed a laboratory for ritualistic symbolism basing themselves on the sociological philosophy of Durkheim. Traditional religion, especially the Catholic Church, revived the interest in liturgy and ceremony with extraordinary results. Even before the war, this rebirth in cloistral and metaphysical activity could be noted. All of them tried to combat exaggerated individualism, to search for a new collective spirit, to re-establish the sacred symbols and sigils in the shifting quotidian reality. Mythologies were reconstructed: Icarus, Dionysos, Ulysses, etc. The poets knew that men are only uplifted by a *mystique* that can

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be entertained by feasts and rites. For doctrines always remain dead, if they cannot affect the sensibilities. They recognized the impotence of intellectual concepts and knew that nationalistic rituals lead to explosions and death. They felt that a remedy was needed for the autointoxication of the I. They wanted to get away from the impressionistic caprices and the anarchy of the senses. They wanted to be fugitives to the *absolute.*

Liturgy and ritual were the antidote and the remedy. A sacramental sense of life took hold of poetry again. It wanted to return to the unity of a supernatural order and become integrated in the planetary system. A four-dimensional consciousness was developing. In the hour of mechanistic philosophy, of blood and steel, poetry sought a nexus with the superrational forces. The epoch began to break with the positivism that had enchained the individual and strove for the collective—not collective nationalism, but collective spiritualism. Utilitarian criteria were overthrown. The object of poetry was to praise

and sing, was to play and dance, like David before the arch. All of man, total man, corporeal and spiritual, was involved in this monistic aspiration. The liturgical was conceived as a social and living link in the urban existences.

LANGUAGE itself needed a metaphysical dimension. Language is Delphi, said Novalis, the romantic poet. The language of poetry had to become sacred again. There was no room any longer for the journalistic naturalism that had dominated creative expression during the impressionistic and naturalistic epoch. This linguistic naturalism had brought into rhythmic expression the dynamic contemporaneousness, the common speech vaunted by that infantile movement called *imagism*, and had debased the mystic element of the word. Its mediumistic force was abolished. The time-spirit demanded a language of three dimensions, the everyday ambient, the universe without magic. Activism persecuted the sacred sigil. But language had to become logos again. It had to have a pentecostal, hymnic feeling and liturgical consecration. It had to recapture the cosmic and transcendental once more.

Raymond E. F. Larsson is one of the poets whose awareness of this state of things can be noted in all his work. His new book *Weep and Prepare. Selected Poems: 1926-1939*, is a spiritual migration. Already in his earliest poems like *The Inward Turning Eye*, we observe the turning away from the sensual objects:

Heavy the lid
of sky
the heavy-lidded eye

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of sky turns inward—
inward
the inner eye
inward on the vast
grey vapors
of a decomposing past

Henceforth his pilgrimage becomes more and more mystic and profoundly Catholic. Against the fetid spirit of the urban collectivities he places his vision of the Augustean *Civitas Dei*. In *O Cities, Cities* we have a strange nostalgia for a medieval Gothicism, a wandering in the dark night of the soul toward the celestial dream.

o cities cities—
full-lipped
full-throated singing
singing cities all embogued
of light like an increasing choral
column
and column
cornice
and arcade
columns ascending all around
like bursts of silver
trumpet sound

More and more liturgical become the stanzas. Prayers and hymns and odes and psalms are the forms he chooses for the substance of his mystic nomadism. He ends with a magnificent recitative for choir with speaking voices, *Good Friday Music*, which summarizes his entire attitude. Raymond E. F. Larsson is an American Catholic mystic whose work begins a new cycle in poetry.

Elder Olson, also a metaphysical poet, seeks a slightly different direction. His *The Cock of Heaven* is an apocalyptic creation of an authentic modern myth. It is a poem composed of lyrics, plays and prose-texts, and attempts to present a legend of a grandiose vision. The world goes towards its destruction and the "Cock of Heaven" tells his cosmic story. We witness the creation of the earth, the fall of man, the pilgrimage of man into the countries of the seven deadly sins, the wanderings of the magi in search for a messiah, and the final catastrophe. Mr. Olson writes vigorously in many styles, sometimes taking over directly texts from other poets, but when he writes himself, his work is rich in imagery and lyric power. His erudition is profound. His language is bold and many-faceted. In the *Night Journey* we read:

I went in woldway dark as sleep
Bearing no lantern save the mind's.
I mournfulness had for cloak and hood.

Thence morningward through the sad
veils
Rode I, nor knew what mount I rode,
But came on castled ruin at last,

And beat on the great graven bell.
That weft-world lifted then as lifting
Mist-fold: mead, stream, draped barge
drifting

Saw, and Three cypress-stoled,
That shewed One bound and burning-
haired,
Whose only substance was sky-gold

THE new issue of *Fantasy*, a literary quarterly ably edited by Stanley Dehler Mayer in Pittsburgh, Pa., has a rich fare in creative and critical work. Although eclectic in taste, *Fantasy* conveys a stirring picture of the esthetic battle-ground in America, opening its pages to vigorous analyses of the poetic spirit. Harvey Breit challenges the critics of Kenneth Patchen's poetry in a brilliant essay. Parker Tyler studies *Literature and the Image* with a scintillating profundity. There are excellent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poems by Joy Davidman, Harvey Breit, Nicolas Moore, William Pillin, Harry Roskolenko, Oscar Williams and many others. *Fantasy* is one of the most important literary galleries of the advance-guard in America.

The poetry number of the *Saturday Review of Literature* (August 10, 1940) contains illuminating articles by William Rose Benét, Selden Rodman, Louis Untermeyer, P. C. Lee, Mark Van Doren, with some of which I can hardly agree, and poems by Horace Gregory, Raymond Holden, Robinson Jeffers, Max Lerner and others in which the sense of our stupefaction before the present catastrophe is movingly expressed. I was particularly struck by C. P. Lee's essay *Adulation and the Artist* with excerpts from the late Vachel Lindsay's letters to a young girl which emphasize his bewilderment before his success.

View, edited by Charles Henri Ford and published by James A. Decker, uses the newspaper form, and reminds me of that remarkable predecessor, *Journal des Poètes*, which Charles Flouquet edited in Brussels before the deluge.

THE IRRESPONSIBLES. *By Archibald MacLeish. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 34 pages. $1.00.*

THERE ARE NO ISLANDS ANY MORE. *By Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Harper and Brothers. 10 pages. $.50.*

NIGHTMARE AT NOON. *By Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 8 pages. $.50.*

WEEP AND PREPARE. *By Raymond E. F. Larsson. New York: Coward-McCann. 168 pages. $2.50.*

THE COCK OF HEAVEN. *By Elder Olson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 105 pages. $2.00.*

BOOKS ABROAD

THE STORY AND THE FABLE

By Edwin Muir. London: Harrap. 1940.

(R. F. C. Hull in the *New English Weekly*, London)

EDWIN MUIR is a dreamer—not a projector of useless fantasy but, in the Biblical sense, a "dreamer of dreams." There are many apocryphal, even apocalyptic, dreams in this first part of his autobiography: dreams that both cover and discover in symbol the meanings of life. "The life of every man," he writes, "is an endlessly repeated performance of the life of man." Through the story of the individual and everywhere environing it, arching over it like the sky, goes the fable; the tale that is never told, the parable that is never wholly comprehended, the myth that is always in the making. Of this fable, contemplation and dream give us glimpses, and memory also, whose images are the only possessions we have which endure outside time.

Quite apart from the fable which it imaginatively weaves as it progresses, the story itself is unusual and exciting. It begins high up in the Orkneys on the good life of the farm, and travels down through the inconceivable and terrifying chaos of Glasgow to London, and thence to the continent—a descent, as the author once saw it, from Nature to Civilization. The family was quickly disintegrated by death, disillusion or commerce in the alien new surroundings, and before long the author found himself alone and faced with tasks for which he was in no way prepared. He had to learn to compete; hitherto co-operation had been the rule. He worked in a variety of offices, including a publishing house, a brewer's and a bone factory. These lonely and exacting years succeeded mainly in circling him about with walls of fear and abomination; he experienced again the paralyzing "dividuality" he had known in childhood when, becoming aware for the first time of guilt, he saw himself separated from the world by an endless unbreakable sheet of glass. The conviction of guilt returned later in adolescence, and he found release through an emotional upheaval, undergoing a minor religious conversion. But the flamboyant evangelism of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Scottish preacher did not penetrate very far; the deep difficulty persisted unexorcised, and he was still threatened and afraid. His continuing non-acceptance of reality as a whole perpetuated those very aspects of it which he sought to fend away, as though by his resistance he were defining more clearly the twisted and horrible features of metropolitan existence. Later still he managed to escape from these intolerable pressures by a sort of levitation into the perilous stratosphere of Nietzsche; he was also aided in his flight by the lofty criticism of *The New Age*, which he discovered through his Socialist friends. Here as well the deliverance was illusory; he had merely substituted the Superman for the Savior, fastening on him with equal desperation. He himself remained unchanged and unhelped, surrounded by his transparent wall, with a mass of unleavened and unresolved rubbish in his heart, pullulating like the piles of bones in the yard of his factory. It was only long afterward, in the self-understanding made possible by a period of happy, fruitful leisure in Prague and Dresden, that the gulf was bridged—the gulf represented in his actual life by the conflicting solitude that was his amid the throng of the cities, and symbolized in his dreams by repeated images of separation and longing, but most notably by one magnificent sleep-saga, which tells of the solitary conflict between two great archetypal beasts. If I quote this dream in full and attempt an examination of it, I do so because it states not only the author's personal predicament, but that of mankind as well, and reaffirms values we are in danger of forgetting. In it there can be discerned a correspondence between his story and the universal fable.

"I was walking with some people in the country, when I saw a shining gray bird in a field . . . . We went towards it, but as we came nearer it spread its tail like a peacock, so that we could see nothing else. As the tail grew I saw that it was not round, but square, an impenetrable gray hedge of feathers; and at once I knew that it was not a bird's body now, but an animal's, and that behind that gleaming hedge it was walking away from us on four feet padded like a leopard's or a tiger's. Then, confronting it in the field, there appeared an ancient, dirty, earth-colored animal with a head like that of an old sheep or a mangy dog. Its eyes were soft and brown; it was alone against the splendid-tailed beast; yet it stood its

IMPOSSIBLE *and* True

THREE months more, and the Mad Century plunges into its fifth decade without so much as a glint of returning sanity.

History today is something that must be experienced to be believed. The generations to come will hardly be able to regard historians of the period 1900-'50 as better than fable-weavers and myth-mongers—maladjusted people who insist upon sharing their bad dreams with as large a public as possible.

But the fabulous scandals of the future are your reality now. To understand them in relation to the whole world pattern and the whither-away of life today, read *The Living Age*—the background publication best designed to lend cogency to the chaos.

To Subscribe

to* The Living Age, *America's oldest monthly and its most celebrated journal of world affairs, fill in and mail the appended coupon.

The Living Age,
420 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for the period indicated below:

☐ **One Year ($5)** ☐ **Two Years ($9)**
☐ **Three Years ($12.)**

Name .....
Street .....
City .....

10-40

Extra Postage: Foreign $1; Canadian 50c

☐ **I enclose check** ☐ **Send bill.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF! . . . .

YOU PLAY PIANO OR VIOLIN—TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE TWO EXTRA-ORDINARY

MUSIC OFFERS!!

THE PIANIST'S MUSIC SHELF. The famous 8 volume library of the World's Great Music (for the piano) from Bach through Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Brahms, etc. to Tschaikowsky. 430 most important compositions of all time, practically the entire standard repertoire of piano music. More than 1,600 pages. Standard sheet music size, 9 x 12. Semi-stiff binding. Sheet music value is over $200.00. Published at $20.00. The 8 volume set **$7.49**

THE VIOLINIST'S MUSIC SHELF. The famous 8 volume library of the World's Great Music (for the violin) from Bach through Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Brahms, etc. to Tschaikowsky. Piano accompaniment included. 339 most important compositions of all time, practically the entire standard repertoire of violin music. More than 2,000 pages. Standard sheet music size, 9 x 12. Semi-stiff binding. Sheet music value is over $200.00. Published at $20.00. The 8 volume set **$7.49**

BARGAIN BOOK CO.
25 W. 45th St. New York, N. Y.

SOURCE & OUT-OF-PRINT

BOOK SPECIALISTS

IN BOOKS ON CRIME CRIMINOLOGY

Detective Fiction

(By Mail Only)

THE CRIME SHOP

Louis Greenfield 40-26 Ithaca St.
Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

ground and prepared to fight the danger coming toward it, whether that was death or merely humiliation and pain. From their look I could see that the two animals knew each other, that they had fought a countless number of times and after this battle would fight again, that each meeting would be the first meeting, and that the dark, patient animal would always be defeated, and that the bright, fierce animal would always win. I did not see the fight, but I knew it would be ruthless and shameful, with a meaning of some kind perhaps, but no comfort."

THOSE who are familiar with the three great systems of psychology will see in this dream a confirmation of the particular one they advocate, so aptly does it fit each theory. But the dream is much more than a confirmation of sexuality, or the racial unconscious, or the individual life-style. These enter into it potently and make its significance all the more formidable; *because* each of the interpretations is true, man, the interpreted, is seen existing against a panorama infinitely greater than the exclusive background of his causation, whether that be instinctive, racial or teleological. Further, his stature as a human being is not thereby diminished; on the contrary, he rises to the fabulous drama in which he participates. But what is the meaning of the dream? The dreamer himself has told us, at the end, what it means for him, namely, that life has a meaning. By those words he shows himself to be in and on the side of life, not vainly and neurotically against it. He does not say when he dreamed this dream, but it is improbable that he fashioned it during his uneasy adolescence or early manhood. I would hazard that it entered his mind much later, at the time of understanding and atonement he experienced in the Rhineland and Bohemia. Earlier, one feels, its tentative "meaning" would have been obscured by its comfortlessness. But it was with the eye of the artist, the seer, that he contemplated the silent struggle in the world and in himself, and knew that its meaning was as valuable as the victory of one animal or the defeat of the other, and far more valuable than the desolation of battle. At the same time the dream perfectly expresses his personal problem: the agonized awareness of a schism between Civilization and Nature, or more specifically between Town and Country, from which he had suffered for so many years.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It can hardly be doubted that part of the dream's comfortlessness derived from his apprehension that Nature was indeed defeated by the ruthless and implacable advance of civilization, and that the mind of sleep was whispering: "The Town is stronger—you can't go back." Significant, too, is the fact that though the sovran creature's tail was splendid, it was *square*—shape-angled, unnatural. By association one thinks of the square beards of the Assyrians, the ferocious civilizers of the past, hacking out a culture of which we are still the heritors.

As it happens, the author never did go back. He found he could create, in spite of, or perhaps because of, the tension in himself. Having let go, having ceased to be negative to his environment, he was flung with great force into the realm of imagination, at first too forcefully for the health of his mind, as the astonishing series of trance-like day-dreams show. Later he came to accept reality as it was, and fulfilled his dreams of resuscitation. Over and above the inevitably unhappy outlook of the man who sees deep and far, there played the vision of the creative human being, the seeker of meanings. To such a one the unending conflict cannot be only an augury of mankind's evolution into suicide, still less an infamous mystery without comfort. For who is the true gainer in this parable of beasts? Surely the ancient and imperishable creature with soft eyes. It is easy to conquer if conquest is given into the prevailing hand. By suffering perpetual defeat the dark, patient animal insures, somewhere and forever, a triumph. That a victor must necessarily emerge from this process is a small matter, and deceptive: what alone matters is that there should be victory.

Our Readers Say:

Editor, *The Living Age*

Sir:

In all humbleness as a yet unknown writer, I am moved to respond to the letter in the August *The Living Age* from the London Office of the P. E. N. Club:

What you ask us to know, we do know; what you expect of us is yours. Believe me, we are with you; we are doing our best and will do better and

In New York

Room & Bath

Hotel Great Northern

from **$2.50**

FROM $3.50 FOR TWO

118 WEST 57th STREET

You'll find everything at the Hotel Great Northern to your liking. Attractive lounges. Large, airy, comfortably furnished rooms. Popularly priced Marble Bar and Grill. Music and dancing.

Centrally located in the fashionable fifties close to all points of interest in New York. The city's smartest shops, theaters, broadcasting studios and Radio City are but a few blocks away. Transportation facilities at the door.

MOTORISTS—Our 111 W. 56 St. Entrance Adjoins Garage

Hotel Great Northern

In the
CLASSROOM

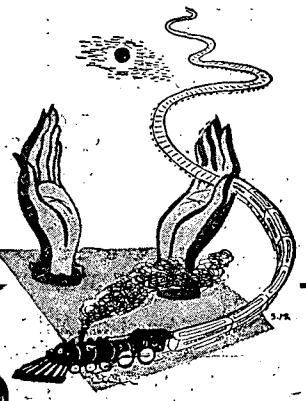
The Living Age provides supplementary text material of the most stimulating and relevant sort, for classes in—

HISTORY
POLITICAL SCIENCE
ENGLISH
CURRENT AFFAIRS
ECONOMICS AND
ALLIED SUBJECTS

Special low rates are extended on bulk subscriptions of five or more copies to a single address. Please address your inquiry to:

THE LIVING AGE
420 Madison Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DOUBLY HANDY

(1) direct passageway from Grand Central Terminal to Roosevelt lobby, and (2) midtown location in the center of New York's attractions.

Save time and be comfortable. Large, well-furnished, outside rooms—$4.00 up.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

BERNAM G. HINES, Managing Director
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th ST., N. Y.

ONLY 20 MINUTES BY EXPRESS SUBWAY TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

13 WEEKS FOR $2

AMONG the weekly newsletters which world turmoil and a disrupted American economy have brought into existence in the last few years,

THE FOREIGN OBSERVER
and Survey of
World Trade Trends

is the one that fits the special needs of the general reader who has a personal stake in the current day-to-day turn of events.

Regularly The Foreign Observer *costs $10 a year by subscription. For acquaintance, send only $2 for a 13-week introductory subscription to*

THE FOREIGN OBSERVER
420 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

still better in this fight that is for all of us for the rest of our lives. Do not feel unheard; do not feel misunderstood; do not feel misjudged. Know, please, that you are heard; that those of us whom you know, and those of us whom you may never know, are your friends. We read you, we see, we hear, we understand. We honor you for what you have done; we love you for what you have tried to do; we are grateful for what you have written. You are our friends far more than are those who "set wet glasses on our books" and send us Christmas presents. We are fighting with you, and we will carry on that fight to the end.

Storm Jameson, Vera Brittain, Winifred Holtby, Phyllis Bentley, Rebecca West, J. B. Priestley and so many others, your work will not have been in vain. That is a pledge—the pledge to which many of us are dedicating our lives. In the ordeal through which you are passing at this very moment (as a London-born girl with air-raid scars from the last War, I often could steal to board the Clipper) know that the torch flames high and that it shall not pale or die down.

One word more, which I believe you will all understand. Tears sprang as I read the names at the end of your letter, and I realized that they were for a name not printed but indelibly there: Winifred Holtby. Those tears sprang not wholly from my great appreciation of her (whom I never knew) both as a woman and as writer; more, they were of joy from the sudden recapturing of the knowledge that just as Winifred Holtby is still with us, so will the light of freedom, of truth, and of justice never be extinguished.

With understanding and with friendship,

THELMA YEUELL

HUGHES PRINTING CO.
EAST STROUDSBURG, PA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED